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MEMOIR

OF

CHARLOTTE HAMILTON,

ILLUSTRATING

THE REALITY AND POWER OF GODLINESS IN CHILDHOOD.

BY AMBROSE EDSON,
AUTHOR OF "LETTERS TO THE CONSCIENCE,"
"THE KEY-STONE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE details of this volume furnish a striking illustration of the REALITY and POWER OF GODLINESS in childhood, exhibited in a season of protracted and severe suffering, for nearly a year, until it was terminated by a happy death in the triumphs of faith. The compiler has aimed at simplicity and correctness, in spreading the facts and incidents of the volume before the reader. In some of the conversations of this child, her precise language has been given; and, in every instance, the exact *thought* has been preserved, in language as nearly indentical as it was possible for memory to recall. It must be remarked, however, that much which gave a deep interest to the occurrences of her last sickness, and the conversations of her death-bed, cannot be transferred to paper. The *words* may be given; but the expression of countenance, the tones of the voice, and the spirit of the sufferer,—every thing that gives life and eloquence to the scene, will appear wanting. The truth of this remark will appear evident, to those who were present during some of the scenes described in this

volume, which occurred in the last sickness, and on the dying bed of the subject of this memoir. They may say, with truth, the representation is almost incomparably below the reality. Of this, the compiler is sensible. But it is, still, his firm conviction, notwithstanding these defects, that the memoir will be found of unusual interest. It is not designed *exclusively* for any one particular class of persons; but it is hoped that it may be found of practical utility to all.

MEMOIR

OF

CHARLOTTE HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

Charlotte Hamilton, the subject of the following memoir, was the second daughter of Horatio Asa Hamilton, M. D., of Somers, Connecticut, and was born July 7th, 1825. She was early consecrated to God, by her parents, to be trained up for his service and kingdom.

When about five months old, she was attacked with the whooping-cough, which she had to a degree of unusual severity. From the shock given to her constitution at this time, she never entirely recovered. It was too much for her slender frame, at such a tender age. This was evident through the years of infancy, and in those of childhood, until her death. Although she

never complained, when it was possible to conceal any little illness she might feel, still it was obvious that she could bear but little, compared with ordinary children of her age. And when she voluntarily acknowledged that she was unwell, her friends knew that she must be *sick;* as she never otherwise complained.

There are several traits which marked the character of this child, which it may be proper, in this place, to notice.

1. Her natural temper was uncommonly amiable. She seldom manifested the least *irritation* or *fretfulness*, under any of the little crosses which often disturb the feelings of almost all children of such an age. Hence she was never involved in the little broils and feuds of children, in which some of her companions were sometimes found. Kindness marked her treatment of others; and she usually experienced kindness in return. The mildness and pleasantness of her temper did much to make her a favorite in the circle of her relatives and intimate friends.

2. Connected with her natural amiableness of temper, Charlotte was characterized by a remarkable degree of *equanimity*, or that calm temper, or firmness of mind, which is not easily elevated

or depressed. When quite young, during some severe thunder showers, when her older sister was trembling and shrieking at almost every peal of thunder, or flash of lightning, and in a perfect agony of fear, Charlotte would often say to her sister, in her deliberate way of speaking, "What good does it all do? Do you think you can *stop* it, Elizabeth?"

When she was about five years old, the regiment met in the town, and paraded in the street near her father's house. Most children would have had their interests and feelings entirely engrossed by such a military display. But neither the equipage, music, nor discharge of fire-arms, affected Charlotte. She had obtained some book in which she felt interested, and she continued to read, nearly the whole time, without apparently taking any notice of what was passing without. Even when her companions were ready to shriek at every burst of thunder from the military ranks, Charlotte continued her reading still!

When she was about two years old, the following circumstances occurred. During a very severe thunder shower, when there was not an individual in the room beside, the mother, seated in her chair, was holding this child in her arms. The

elements seemed thrown into one wild and furious conflict. The winds raged—the lightnings blazed—and peal after peal of thunder seemed almost to rend the vault of heaven. At length there came one tremendous crash, which seemed, at the instant, to have rent the house into a thousand fragments; at this instant, little Charlotte sprang from her mother's arms, at a single bound, upon the floor, and looking round, exclaimed, "Why, where is God? He is right here: he sees us; but we can't see him, can we, 'ma?"

3. Another trait of character in this child, was an unusually *inquiring* turn of mind. This was manifested in a thousand different instances, in relation to her studies, to what she might happen to read, or hear in conversation. She always wished to know the *reason* of the thing, in regard to any subject which attracted her attention; and she would not generally be satisfied, unless she could get at this. This trait she carried with her into her Sabbath school exercises; and her teacher is said to have frequently remarked, that Charlotte Hamilton caused her more difficulty and labor, in consequence of the questions she would ask, on the subject of her lesson, than all the rest of her class; and that often she was

obliged to defer an answer to questions asked, until a future time, that she might have an opportunity of examining the point, and gaining further information. The necessity for this, resulted from the fact, that these questions were very far from being of a common-place character; or such as would be suggested by a superficial glance at the subject. I will mention but a single example in illustration of the point under consideration. She had one day been committing to memory her Sabbath school lesson, in preparation for the Sabbath. The lesson embraced the description of the apostacy of man, as contained in Genesis. While reciting the lesson to a member of the family at home, she inquired, with an arch kind of expression, "I wonder what God would have done with Eve, if *Adam* had not eaten the forbidden fruit?" This circumstance is mentioned, not because there is any intrinsic importance in the question itself, but merely as exhibiting the fact that, for a mere child, she *thought*, emphatically, of subjects which engaged her attention; and was ready to *pry* into relations and consequences, which would not ordinarily be noticed, or thought of, by multitudes of even an advanced age.

Strict regard to truth.

4. Another circumstance deserving notice in the character of this child, was *a strict regard to truth.* Whenever questioned with regard to what she had done, at any time, there was never any attempt to disguise or conceal the exact truth, however much she might feel that she was implicated by it; or whatever the anticipated consequences might be to her. If she said that a thing *was*, or was *not* so—the assertion always had the entire confidence of her parents: and never, in a single instance, to their recollection, did they find that confidence misplaced, after she was old enough to understand any thing about what truth was. Have the little children who read or hear these pages, never told a wrong story to their parents, or others? I have known some children tell wrong stories, and when this was known, people had no confidence in any thing which they said; they were not believed, even when they spake the truth. And this will always be the case with those, who, it is known, do not always speak the truth. And in addition to this, it is very wicked to tell such stories. God is offended by it, and he has said in his word, that "all *liars* shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second

death." I hope, therefore, dear children, that you will, all of you, imitate the conduct of little Charlotte; and when you have done wrong, acknowledge the whole truth about it, and thus your parents will always have confidence in what you say, and you will not offend God.

5. Another trait in Charlotte's character, was *strict obedience* to her parents. Whenever she was told to do a thing, or was prohibited from doing it, all that was necessary to ensure obedience was, to hear and understand the command or prohibition. When this was done, her parents had no occasion to doubt, in regard to the result. And they have frequently said, they did not recollect the instance in which she had willfully disobeyed them, since she was old enough to understand the obligation of a command. *Obedience* was always a matter of *principle* and *conscience* with her, even from her earliest years. I will state a single circumstance in illustration of this.

When she was quite young, her mother one day went away in the afternoon, and left her, with an older sister, in the care of the house, with the charge to both, not to leave it until she returned. But after the mother had been gone a little while, Louisa K., a very intimate companion of Char-

lotte, came in, to have her go home with her to play. "No," said Charlotte, "I cannot go, for mother told us we must not leave the house while she was absent." But her older sister told her she might go home with Louisa, and play a little while, and that she would remain and take care of the house. With this permission, Charlotte went, but soon returned; and in reply to the question of her sister, why she had come back so soon, said, "Ma did not give me any liberty to go; I know it was wrong to go. I could not enjoy myself any, while I was there, and I would not stay."

This is no more than a fair specimen of her scrupulous, conscientious regard to the commands of her parents. In this instance, she had not only the *consent*, but the *advice* of an older sister, in relation to her doing as she did, without which she would not have thought, for a moment, of yielding to the solicitation of her little friend. But when she came to think more of it, all these mitigating circumstances did not prevent what she had done from being *disobedience* to her mother's direction, in her estimation. Hence she would not stay; and on her mother's return, Charlotte voluntarily told her what she had done, and expressed her sorrow for it. But the whole occur-

rence had passed from the mother's recollection, and never would have been recalled, had it not been done by this dear child on her dying bed, as I shall have occasion hereafter to state. And this was the *only* instance of disobedience, even of such a character, which she, or her parents, could recollect. Children, can your parents say as much as this of *you?*

After the death of Charlotte, among the choice papers which she had laid away, were found the following stanzas, cut from some newspaper, at how early an age is unknown. They are very suitable for every little child to commit to memory, who reads this volume, or hears it read. And if, when he repeats them night or morning, or at any other time, he really *desires* the thing mentioned in the different stanzas, and desires that the *Saviour would grant them*, it will be a PRAYER.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

" Dear Jesus, let an infant claim
The favor to adore thy name;
Thou wast so meek, that babes might be
Encouraged to draw near to thee.

Stanzas.

My gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou canst a little child receive;
Thy tender love for us is free—
And why not love poor sinful *me*?

Then to a child, dear Lord, impart
A humble, meek, and lowly heart;
O, cleanse me by thy precious blood,
And fill me with the love of God.

Though oft I sin, yet save me still,
And make me love thy sacred will;
Each day prepare me by thy grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face."

CHAPTER II.

In the preceding chapter, I have mentioned a few traits in the character of Charlotte Hamilton. And I wish it distinctly to be understood that these traits existed before she ever indulged the hope that she knew any thing about experimental piety. And all my young friends will conclude that they made her a pleasant child. But O, if she had had nothing more than these, she could never have died so happy, so triumphant a death as she did.

You recollect that a certain young man once came to Christ, and he had so many amiable traits of character, that it is said Christ looked on him and *loved* him. But notwithstanding all this, Christ kindly and faithfully assured him, "One thing thou lackest." This one thing was *piety*. And it was enough to shut him out of heaven. And it is just so with every child, as well as adult. Let their natural dispositions and conduct be ever so amiable, unless their hearts are right

in the sight of God, they will not be prepared for the happiness of heaven. I wish all my young readers would feel this. They may have a great many things to make them lovely in the eyes of men, while it may be said, in relation to a most important qualification, "One thing thou lackest."

Charlotte was led to feel this. Blameless as was her external conduct, when she obtained a correct view of her own heart, as compared with God's character and requirements, she felt conscious that she was a sinner, and was neither prepared to live, nor to die. And the experience of every real Christian, whether young or old, corresponds with this. There must be a great change in the feeling and temper of their hearts, to prepare them for the scenes of a dying hour, and of the judgment day.

This change Charlotte gave evidence of experiencing, in the autumn of 1833. It was in a time of unusual religious interest among the children in Somers, and which was confined to them. The first of these was a little boy about twelve years of age, who, after several days of anxiety and distress, found peace in believing. The seriousness began to spread from child to child in the

Charlotte did not intend to be serious.

neighborhood, until from fifteen to sixteen children, from seven to twelve years of age, indulged the hope of having passed from death unto life. Among some of the earlier of these, was an older sister of Charlotte. The knowledge of this, evidently had an effect on her mind. But it was such an effect as is often witnessed among older persons, when the carnal mind is roused up to put on a show of thoughtlessness and indifference, not commonly exhibited. This was the case with Charlotte. She did not intend, at first, to be serious, or give her attention to the subject of her soul's concerns. It is not known that she did, or said any thing to oppose the work; still she was evidently more light and trifling than usual; which led her friends to remark that they never knew Charlotte appear half as rude before, as she did now. But she could not effectually shake off the subject in this way. The Spirit had evidently commenced a work of grace in her heart. At this time, one or two of her young companions, who had just begun to rejoice in the love of God, called in to see Charlotte and her sister, and the time was spent in their chamber. Charlotte could not but notice the evident change in their feelings and conversation, and the first prominent

thought, which seemed to cut to the heart was, "all my young companions are pressing into the kingdom, and I am to be left behind." To this thought she could not submit. She had accompanied them to the point where their paths seemed now to separate, and were leading to terminations as far asunder as hell and heaven. Must she now make up her mind to have a separation commence which should widen and widen through eternity? This was more than she could endure. Her companions were faithful to her. They urged, and warned, and entreated; and she melted into tears. In this state of feeling, they left her, sometime in the afternoon of Saturday. Her parents witnessed the change in her appearance, but nothing further was said to her. She sought to be alone, with her Bible; and this was as good an instructor as she could have. The struggle was a severe one; but on the next morning, peace dawned upon her soul. There was no ecstasy of joy in her feelings, but like the dawning light of that Sabbath morning, hope brightened and brightened into a perfect sunshine upon her soul. On the evening of this day, her mother inquired relative to her feelings, and found her in a very happy frame of mind, and indulging a very de-

cided hope of having submitted her heart to God. "This day," said she, "has been the happiest Sabbath which I have ever spent." The preaching appeared so different—the singing different—the Sabbath school exercises different. Indeed, old things seemed to have been done away, and all things to have become new.

Her mother inquired how she felt, before she thought she submitted to God? She said she thought she was going to be deserted by all her young companions, and she felt alarmed at first; that afterwards she tried to pray; but the more she tried, the more she felt distressed. It seemed as though she could see Christ; but he was a great way off, and did not try to relieve, or help her. And while she was trying to pray, she said He did not seem to notice her; and she thought he would let her perish there. "But," added she, with a countenance beaming with a purer joy than she had ever felt before, and eyes filled with tears, "I FOUND THAT JUST AS SOON AS I WAS READY TO GIVE UP MY HEART, HE WAS READY TO RECEIVE ME."

Here is a truth, traced as with a pencil of light, upon the whole plan of redeeming mercy. It accords with the experience of every redeemed

sinner in heaven and on earth. And it ought to be written as with the point of a diamond, upon every heart still unreconciled to God. The obstacle that prevents any sinner who hears the gospel, from an immediate compliance with the terms of mercy, is not found in God. It is in the sinner, and in the sinner alone. He may frame a thousand apologies and pleas for delay in yielding up the controversy with God; but the undisguised truth is, he is not *willing* to yield. *This* prevents his immediate submission to God; *this*, if continued, will assuredly shut him out of heaven.

Look, my dear friends, at the simple experience of this mere child. The assertion was not dictated by any philosophical speculation of either old-school or new-school theology; it comes from a child of eight years of age, taught by the Spirit, just emancipated from the bondage of sin, and beginning to taste of the love of God. She felt herself forsaken by her young companions, who were pressing into the kingdom of God; and when she came to look to her Saviour and attempted to pray, as a *substitute* for giving up the controversy with God, he stood a great way off. And he always does so. The sinner never gains one

approving smile from Him, until he yields up the controversy. He may read the Bible, attempt to pray, visit the sanctuary of God, and perform every other external duty which God demands; but he will be like the woman who had spent all her living upon physicians, and was continually growing *worse*, instead of better. But no sooner is the point of controversy yielded by the sinner, no sooner is he willing to let go his hold on sin, or the world, or self, and just drop into the Saviour's arms, than he finds the Saviour's arms extended to receive him. "Just as soon as I was ready to give up," said this dear child, "he was ready to receive me."

If the reader has any thing to do in directing sinners in this most interesting and critical part of the probationary existence, or is in a situation in which the inquiry may be made of him, "what must I do to be saved?" permit me to request you to pause and settle an important principle on the spot; and that is,—is it *wise*, or *benevolent*, or *safe*, to deviate from the plain, unambiguous answer to this inquiry, which God has sanctioned in his word? In not a single instance will you find any countenance to this system of false philanthropy which puts the sinner upon the perform-

ance of any round of external duties, to induce God to have mercy upon him. But the simple urgent demand is, "REPENT—BELIEVE."

The single point to which the sinner is urged, is the immediate laying down of the weapons of his rebellion, and submission of his heart to God. Until he does this, he is waging a fearful, and most unequal controversy with his Maker; and is not in a condition to receive pardon. Turn off the attention of the sinner, therefore, from the simple, single point of immediate submission to God, to any other subject in the universe, however important or interesting, under other circumstances, and you throw an obstacle in the way, which will retard, if not prevent his conversion. Let him understand, on the contrary, that neither reading, praying, nor any thing which he can do, has any tendency to reconcile God to him, while he holds back his heart:

> For God abhors the sacrifice,
> Where not the heart is found.

Turn which way he will—do what he will—it is all *sin*, all rebellion, until he drops his weapons, and yields. The sooner this is understood and felt, the shorter, ordinarily, will be the sea-

son of protracted anguish, under a resistance to the demand of God for immediate repentance; and the sooner, it may be hoped, the controversy will be settled. The Spirit always presses to this point, and every word of instruction and direction should bear upon the same. We owe it to God, and the welfare of souls, to be faithful here.

The next day after Charlotte hopefully submitted her heart to God, she called to see Louisa K., one of her most intimate little companions, for the purpose of urging upon her attention the subject of religion. These two children were nearly of the same age; of dispositions very similar, and on terms of unusual intimacy. When, therefore, Charlotte began to rejoice in the love of God, she felt a deep interest that Louisa should share in the same happiness which she had found. And this was a deeply interesting meeting. Charlotte was faithful; and from Louisa it was afterwards ascertained that she read the Bible to her; urged her to repent: and to repent *immediately*, and prayed with her. And so pressing was she on this errand of love, that she had satisfactory evidence that it was not without effect. Louisa became anxious for the salvation of her soul, and

after some time indulged a trembling hope that she had made her peace with God. Thus they were more than ever united, and were often together, engaged in prayer, reading, and conversation.

But Louisa's course was short. Early in July, 1834, she was seized with a violent inflammatory disease, which, in despite of all the medical aid which could be employed, in four days terminated her life. During her sickness, such was its violence, and the excruciating pain experienced, that she was unable to converse but very little. She however, expressed a cheerful resignation to the will of God, in view of approaching death. She had not made a public profession of her faith in Christ; but Charlotte often remarked, that "although Louisa did not *say* so much about her feelings as some, she gave as good evidence as many, that she was a Christian." This death seemed to have a great effect upon Charlotte's feelings. Emphatically a little "lover and friend was taken from her," and she mourned sincerely and heartily her own loss. At the funeral she was deeply affected; and the day following, she went in to comfort the mother of her little friend; while it seemed as though her own heart was ready to

burst with anguish. But this death was evidently sanctified to her, in the deepening and purifying of her own piety, and in preparing her, in a measure, for the scene of sufferings upon which she was soon to enter.

From the time she experienced religion to the commencement of her sickness, Charlotte appeared well. On account of her own modest, retiring habits, she did not attract as much notice, as others of a different natural temperament. The character of her mind, or the excellence and depth of her piety, could not be known, but by a most intimate acquaintance. Religion, with her, was not like the blazing of a *meteor*, but like a steady and increasing light; not like the rushing of a cataract, but like a peaceful stream, deepening and widening in its course.

It is not designed to be intimated that during the year subsequent to the time she professed to indulge a hope, that she never talked and acted like a *child*. It is not the province of religion to change *children* into *men*, any more than it is to change *men* into *angels*. The piety which she exhibited, was the piety of *childhood*, as consistent and uniform as could be expected from one of that age, without being marked by any thing so

special in its character, as to attract the particular attention of others.

During this year, however, Charlotte took a very deep interest in the exercises of the Sabbath school, and was always a constant and interested attendant, while her health permitted. And long after she was confined to the house, by her lameness, she continued still to get her Sabbath school lesson regularly, that she might keep up with her class.

Another circumstance may also be noticed relative to this period. She was a most *devoted* and *constant student of the Bible.* This was a *daily* employment. She loved the book of God, and seemed to value its perusal more than her daily food. If she could find any time, she was sure to be in her chamber, and her *Bible* was her companion. There she could go to the very fountain of truth, and she drank deeply too. She was frequently thus employed by the half day together. The nature of her employment was not exactly known at the time, and when gently reproved for her long absence, she would reply, "Why, 'ma, I havn't been gone but a few minutes, have I?"

"Yes, my child, you have been gone three or four hours, and I have wanted you very much,"

Past circumstances.

On her dying bed, Charlotte referring to these circumstances, told her mother that often she was not aware of having been gone but a few minutes; so imperceptibly did time pass away, when thus employed. It was emphatically her "meat and drink."

To this cause, unquestionably, is to be traced much of her uncommon growth in piety, and the ripeness for heaven, afterwards exhibited in her protracted sickness, and in the near view of death. The language of her heart and practice was,—

O how I love thy holy law,
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

CHAPTER III.

We are now approaching a very interesting period in the history of this dear child—the commencement of that illness which terminated her life.

It has been previously remarked that her constitution had received a severe shock by the whooping cough, which she had while an infant. In addition to this, there was a scrofulous state of the system, which was frequently manifesting itself in symptoms which led her father to feel satisfied that her life would probably be a short one. And, although she was scarcely ever heard to complain, she told her mother, some time before she died, that she "*could not remember the time when she felt well all day.*" Several times, her lungs appeared so much affected as to lead to the apprehension that she would go into an immediate decline, and then she would obtain a temporary relief.

But in September, 1834, her scrofulous habit assumed a new and decisive form of development.

Lameness—how first discovered.

For several days it had been noticed that she occasionally seemed to favor one of her limbs in walking. Her mother one day said to her, "Charlotte, have you been hurting you?"

"No, ma'm," was the reply.

"Why then do you go lame?"

"Did I go lame?"

In this way she diverted attention from herself for the time, without directly answering the question. But the difficulty could not long be concealed. She suffered so much pain that an aspect of sadness was thrown over her countenance; and one day her sister followed her out, and said, "Now, Charlotte, you must tell me what the matter is. You know I always tell you, if any thing is the matter with me; and you must let me know." Charlotte hesitated—but her sister urged. Still, she would not disclose the fact, until she had obtained a promise from her sister, that she would not tell her parents. She then, as the tears flowed down her cheeks, showed her her limb—the left knee having swelled nearly a third larger than its ordinary size. Elizabeth exclaimed, "Why, Charlotte! what is the matter? I must tell mother," and she sprang into the house. "Mother, I have promised I would not

tell you about Charlotte, but I must;" and then she disclosed the fact. All were surprised and astonished that this child could have borne as much as she must have borne, at this time, and yet keep the cause concealed. But it was characteristic of her, never to complain of illness, while it was possible to avoid it. In this case her father told her she did very wrong; she ought to have made it known before; and that the neglect might now cost her, her *limb* if not her *life*. Charlotte was afterwards sensible that she had not done right, in concealing the cause of her sufferings, and expressed her sorrow for it. She had, indeed, more than a week previous, divulged the fact to a little cousin, younger than herself, but not without a pledge that "she would tell nobody of it;" which was fully kept.

The disease, as now decidedly developed, was a "*scrofulous white swelling*," and its location in that particular part, was probably occasioned by an injury received on that joint, several weeks previous, by a fall; but it had not been thought of, by her friends, after its first occurrence, until this unexpected disclosure.

The father and grandfather of this child having long been in an extensive medical practice, every

thing was done to check the progress of this obstinate malady, and eradicate it from the system, which seemed to promise any reasonable success. And the alternations of hope and fear, in regard to a favorable result, succeeded each other for months afterward, as old symptoms were modified, or new ones made their appearance.

It ought, in this place, to be remarked, that from the very commencement, nothing was concealed from Charlotte, in regard to the real and threatening character of her disorder. Her father frankly and calmly stated the whole to her, and then placed in her hands books which treated on the subject; that she might have a full and fair view of her situation and prospects. That he did thus, I presume he never found one moment's cause to regret. It was honest, and at the same time kind dealing. But it is a notorious fact, that there are some of the profession, against whom the charge of *honesty* and *frankness*, in regard to this point, cannot with truth be made. It seems to be assumed as an established principle, that *deception* is right, if by it, a good result may be anticipated. And hence patients have often been assured that they were in no danger, or were doing well, until almost the very last moment of

life; and then life and hope have been extinguished together, and the soul is, perhaps, ushered, unprepared, into eternity. Such a course is not sanctioned by any principle of morality, benevolence, or religion. And the account for it, which must be rendered to God, for deeply participating in the ruin of souls, must be a most fearfully solemn one. And there is no necessity for it. The whole truth may be disclosed by a judicious physician, without any essential injurious effects; while hope may be encouraged, so far as ground for it exists. There are some who are known to be candid and honest, in regard to this point, and they will be deservedly respected. Would that the number were greatly increased.

Being introduced, at once, into a full knowledge in regard to her disease, and the possible unfavorable issue to which it might lead, Charlotte began to fix her mind more intently on the great subject of her spiritual interests and relations. The second day of October, 1834, was the last time she ever attempted to bear her weight on that limb. She was now, therefore, entirely confined; and as she had entered a school of discipline, hitherto unexpected to her, she soon gave

manifest evidence that she was profiting by the lessons she was receiving.

The following stanzas constitute one of her favorite hymns, and express the uniform prayer of her happy heart.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise ;

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

O, let the hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend ;—
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

But it is not pretended, nor could it be expected, that a child *nine* years of age would, immediately, give up all expectation, or desire of recovery. Her attachments were strong, and she had friends on whom she was justified in placing them ; not merely among her relatives, but among those with whom she had taken sweet counsel, since she thought the love of God had

been shed abroad in her own heart. These she loved to visit. To her Sabbath school, too, she was much attached; and in the studies of her week day school she took a great degree of interest. Connected with these specifications, there are a thousand other things in the realities and anticipations of life, which, to a child, could not be given up, without a struggle. Just suppose that these were all spread out before the eyes of this dear child; and, as she gazes for a moment upon the brightness and loveliness of the scene, a dark cloud arises, and conceals or annihilates the whole. Would not childhood be likely to feel? Yes, Charlotte felt. And though not a syllable of murmur or discontent ever escaped from her lips, yet often had she been seen sitting in a deep study, with her eye fixed upon some object, and the tears falling rapidly from her cheek, unconscious that she was noticed; and when the inquiry was made, "What is the matter, Charlotte?" she would immediately wipe away her tears, put on a smile, and reply, "O, nothing, nothing." Such occurrences were frequent in the early part of her sickness; and, although the particular topic which was engaging her thought, at such times, is not known, it is evident that her

Interesting remark.

feelings were not less tender, or her attachments less warm, than others. But these were only *moments* of sadness, compared with the uniform cheerful and happy frame of feeling which she generally evinced.

Sometime after she was confined to the house, she one day said to her mother, "How right it does seem, 'ma, that *I* should be the one to be taken sick. Why Arnold (her little brother, about five years of age), would keep the house in an uproar, if he were confined to it by sickness. Sister E—— never could bear confinement as well as I can; and if *you* were sick, 'ma, what would become of the rest of us? How much better it is for *me* to be sick, than to have any of the rest sick!"

This is the substance of what was frequently repeated, in the early part of her sickness; and it expresses the uniform benevolence and peaceful submission of her subdued and happy heart—not an expression dictated by the ripened *judgment*, merely, of an aged Christian; but coming warm, directly from the heart of a mere child, whose faith had thus early learned to penetrate the cloud which is sometimes round about God, in the dispensations of his providence; and perceive

a benevolence and wisdom in the rod which is laid upon her. Nor was this any *affectation* of submission, addressed to a minister of the gospel, or the occasional visitor, as a kind of *set off* to her own intelligence, or religious character; but was poured into a mother's ear, in the retired privacy of the domestic fireside; and was therefore frank and undisguised,—the simple breathing of her soul. And on this point, many an older Christian might learn a lesson of instruction from this dear child; and if he could always cultivate the same temper, he would be better prepared for the vicissitudes of this vale of tears, than he sometimes finds himself to be.

CHAPTER IV.

One very noticeable trait in the character of Charlotte, was a disposition to *make the best* of every thing. This will be discoverable in some of the illustrations already given; but is more distinctly visible in a multitude of cases which might be stated.

On the day after the annual Thanksgiving,* several of the companions of Charlotte called to have her sister E. accompany them in an afternoon visit, which they had obtained permission to make, at some distance from home, where they expected to meet others of their own age. The mother of one of these little girls, who felt very tenderly for C., charged her daughter not to go any farther than Dr. H—'s if Charlotte appeared to feel bad, because they were all going away, and leave her alone at home. But whether this little girl forgot about the charge of her mother,

* Previous to her death, in 1834.

or thought Charlotte would not feel very bad, is not known; she *said* nothing about the instruction she had received, and after getting ready, they all went off together, with light and happy hearts, as such little girls would be likely to have, on such a pleasant occasion. The mother of Charlotte watched to see the effect which these circumstances would have on her child, compelled, as she was now, to give up many of the scenes of enjoyment which were open to others. When Charlotte saw them off, with all their buoyancy of feeling, she addressed a little cousin who had come in to spend the afternoon with her—"Well, Amelia, they are gone; and I suppose they think they are as happy as they can be; but we can be as happy as they—can't we?" O how much pleasanter was the state of feeling evinced by this remark, than is often exhibited by many of riper years, when called to practice some trifling self-denial! Charlotte was happily learning to say, from her own rich experience:

> Why need I go abroad for joy,
> Who have a feast at home.

At other times she would indulge in a degree of *pleasantry*, in circumstances, under which

others would have been very likely to be repining. On account of the extreme soreness of her limb,—for she could not bend the knee joint at all,—she was obliged to lift it with her hands, whenever she wished to raise it, or change its position. On this account in part, it commonly took nearly half an hour, after she commenced making preparation, before she could get into her little bed in which she slept at this time. At one time, when trying to lift her limb into the bed with her hands, her mother made some remark expressive of sympathy for her,—that she should have to suffer so much in moving her limb. Charlotte replied in a very pleasant tone, in substance as follows:

"I do not think I ought to complain, 'ma; for I have lifted this limb no where near as much as it has carried me about; and if I take good care of it, perhaps it may carry me about again. Who knows?"

The following incident occurred in the early part of the spring, and is related to show the *consideration* which a child could use, in refusing to let her thoughts dwell upon privileges or favors, from the enjoyment of which, the providence of God had cut her off.

Reply to her sister.

An uncle of hers, who had for a long time lived near by, moved out of the street nearly a quarter of a mile. Soon after this, Elizabeth made a call upon them in their new residence; and on her return, was expatiating on the delightfulness of the walk to her afflicted and yet patient sister. Charlotte replied in a tone of the meekest submission;—"I was thinking to-day, how delightful it would be if I could skip along over that pleasant walk, to make them a visit; but,—added she,—I *put it right out of my mind;* because it made me feel unhappy to *think* about it." Could she have adopted a wiser course? And yet how many adults even, render themselves, and all around them, wretched, by dwelling continually upon their little deprivations, which, perhaps, can neither be remedied nor removed. Might not some such, learn a lesson of practical wisdom from the philosophy which was exhibited by this child, on this, as well as on a multitude of other similar occasions? It will require some *decision* of character to imitate her conduct; but if no possible benefit could be derived from poring over an undesirable occurrence, which cannot be altered, how much wiser would it be, like Charlotte, "to put it right out of the mind."

Occasions of gratitude. A habit.

Nothing could exceed the *gratitude* which this dear child felt, whenever the least favor was done for her. During the winter of this sickness, her mother was frequently obliged to get up during the night to wait upon her; but scarcely ever without hearing from Charlotte, "I thank you, dear mother; do come here and let me kiss you." And sometimes she would add, as her mother was recruiting the waning fire on the hearth, "I think, 'ma, you will not be in danger of forgetting the winter of 1835. But O, if I should ever get well, I should *love* to wait on *you*, 'ma."

It was common to hear her speak often of the occasions of gratitude which she had, which were presented in the occurrences of almost every day. And it seemed to have become a *habit* with her, to be comparing her condition and circumstances with those of others, who were less highly favored. In this respect, she resembled a godly man who is said to have remarked, "that when he had the *rheumatism*, he thanked God that he had not got the *gout;* and when he had the gout, he thanked God that he had not got the gout and the rheumatism *both together*."

One evening, as she was preparing to go to bed, substantially the following conversation took

place.—" 'Ma, I have been thinking how much better off I am, than a great many poor children who are sick. Some of them havn't got so comfortable a *room* and *bed* as I have got. And some of them havn't got any *father* and *mother* to take care of them, nor scarcely any body else, who care much about them. But I have all these. And if my 'pa was not a doctor, he could not do as much for me as he can now; and no other one would *feel* so much. And I should do very wrong to complain. And *some children* have to be put out; one in one place, and another in another, and have no *home;* but *I* have a *home* to stay and be sick in; and we can all live together. O, *would* it not be very wrong to complain, 'ma?"

"Yes, my child, it certainly would. And have you ever thought how happy we shall all be, when we get home to our heavenly Father's house?"

"Indeed, 'ma, I have thought of it a great deal." This was pronounced with a countenance beaming with a joy that seemed to come from the very fountain of bliss. And after a little pause, she burst into tears as she added, "And I have thought too, 'ma, how I should feel if *one—only* ONE of our family should not be found there;"

and it was sometime before her feelings could be composed.

Would it not be well if older Christians, in other more responsible situations, would oftener ponder the same question, which caused this child to feel so deeply? "How shall I feel if only *one* of my dear children, or brothers and sisters, or precious friends, shall not be found in heaven?" When this inquiry is made, then *act* towards them as you will wish you had done, when you come to stand at the bar of Christ. If a child of *nine* years of age, felt so deeply on this subject, and dwelt upon it so intensely, will not the fact rise in the judgment to condemn the apathy of multitudes who ought to have taken a deeper interest in the conversion of sinners, and to have done more to clear their skirts of the blood of souls?

Charlotte was formerly ardently attached to her books, and took a deep interest in her studies at school. Perhaps she committed to memory less rapidly than some; but when she had committed her lesson, it was there. She understood, and retained it. During the last winter, something was said at one time about the satisfaction she had taken in going to school, and pursuing her

studies; and sympathy was expressed for her, in being now deprived of these privileges.

"Yes," said she, "I used to take satisfaction then, but I have by no means been destitute of enjoyment this winter." Her father was at this moment dressing her limb, and although the tears were streaming from her eyes, on account of the extreme pain she was suffering from this operation, still she added with a smile, as she looked up to her father, "And I sometimes think that with all my pain, I never had so much TRUE joy before, as I have had this winter."

Is there any thing, aside from vital godliness, that would produce such "joy," under such circumstances? God had been trying her in the *furnace*, and the gold seemed to brighten every day. He had cut off the streams of earthly comfort; but in their stead, he opened a channel into her soul, for waters from the very river of life; and consolations from the very ocean of his love. O, who would not be a Christian on a bed of sickness and suffering, as well as on a bed of death? God has left the gracious promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou

shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour!"

The truth of this blessed assurance is often verified in the experience of the dear people of God; and is as applicable to a child, as to the adult believer; and will lead both to say, though stripped of every earthly comfort, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Charlotte was evidently enabled to adopt the language of Job, both in its spirit and letter. She felt that there was not only ground for *submission*, but *thankfulness*, in the most trying dispensations of God's hand, in calling her to experience suffering, of which, before, she scarcely had any conception. "I think, 'ma," said she, one night as she was preparing to go to bed, which, on account of the extreme soreness of her limb, was always a tedious operation—"I think, 'ma, I have great reason to be thankful for this affliction, for it was very much needed."

"Why do you think so, my child?" was the reply.

"O, 'ma, I had got away from God; and if he had not sent this affliction upon me, I don't know

how far I should have wandered. I used to read and pray a great deal, after I thought I experienced religion; and I took a great deal of satisfaction in it. But for a few weeks before I was taken sick, I did not read and pray so much, and I did not enjoy so much happiness."

"But did you really give up reading and praying?" said the mother.

"O, NO, 'ma," said she, with some surprise, "but I did not read and pray *so much* as I used to do before. And I think I *needed* to be corrected and chastened. And God has done it; and he has done it for *my good*, too, and I feel as though I could thank him for it." In such a strain as this did she often give vent to the subdued and chastened feelings of her humbled heart. She could not only perceive a *justice* in the providence which had called her to suffer; but even a *benevolence* in it, which called forth the gratitude of her heart! And this was not the *language* of piety, merely, reiterated in her hearing until she had become familiar with it; and then, in a degree, extorted from her by, "don't you feel as though you could *say* so and so?" receiving an answer in monosyllables. The subject was introduced by *herself*, in almost *every* instance; and

the particular topic which she would present, seemed to have engaged her very particular attention, and been made the subject of deep study. It was thus she was prepared to pour forth such a strength of feeling and piety, and in language so appropriately just and evangelical, and entirely unsolicited by her friends, and often to their surprise, as well as gratification. And when it is recollected that, with the preceding suggestions, is to be connected the fact that she was a *mere child*, of between nine and ten years of age only, the reader may be better prepared to place a more correct estimate upon the incidents narrated in this little volume; and to feel that this was emphatically a child of grace sanctified through the truth, and rapidly preparing for the scenes that were before her; which drew forth the sincere aspiration of her soul.

O, for the pinions of a dove,
To ascend the heavenly road;
There shall I share my Saviour's love;
There shall I dwell with God.

CHAPTER V.

One trait which may be regarded as peculiar in the character of this child, was, that she had rather suffer distress, than see her friends suffer it. However exaggerating this may appear to some, it was undoubtedly the simple fact. And it might be illustrated by several examples. I will mention only two.

During the summer previous to the commencement of Charlotte's lameness, she was affected with a severe cough, and her father carried her, her older sister, and her brother, to the sea-shore, to try the benefit of the sea air upon Charlotte in particular. When they returned, Charlotte was entirely freed from her cough, while her sister coughed badly, although she had nothing of the kind before. Soon after this, Charlotte was at her grandfather's in Enfield, and her grandmother said to her, "Well, Charlotte, I understand you left your cough down to the sea-side."

"Yes, grandma, I got rid of it; but I don't

know but I gave it to Elizabeth, for she coughs very badly."

"Well, I suppose you do not care who gets your cough, if you get rid of it, Charlotte?"

"Yes, grandma, I do; for I don't know but I should as lief have it, as to have sister Elizabeth have it." This was the honest feeling of her heart.

While Charlotte was confined to her room, her mother had an attack of fever, and continued severely sick for several days. Charlotte watched the progress of this fever with much solicitude, which she could not avoid expressing in her countenance. After the violence of the disease was broken, and her mother began to convalesce, Charlotte introduced the subject one day, and began to tell her mother how much afraid she was for some days that she would not get well. "O, mother," said she, "how much you did suffer! As much as I have suffered with pain in my limb, and from the issues which have been made on it, for months past, I should rather suffer it all over again, for months to come, than to have you so sick again, 'ma."

"Why Charlotte," said the mother, "you talk extravagantly."

"Indeed I should, dear mother; I would do it willingly;" and this was said in such a tone, and with such earnestness of expression in her countenance, as to show any one that she was sincere, and in earnest, in this expression of her benevolent heart.

During this conversation, the mother was sitting up in her bed, with her feet drawn partly up, to rest her limbs in that position. This was a position, in relation to her diseased limb, which Charlotte had not enjoyed for months. The knee joint could not be bent at all; and when the limb was moved, it had to be done by lifting it with the hand. Charlotte could not help noticing the contrast between herself and her mother, in regard to the use of her limbs—and the tears trickled down her cheeks, as she added, while thinking of the impossibility of *that* use of her own limb,—"but, 'ma, *you* can draw your feet up in bed, to rest your limbs, can't you?" This was all that she could say; and what parent could have avoided bursting into tears, with this mother, under such a melting, subdued appeal, from a dear child, who had never uttered one lisp of complaint or murmur, under all the protracted and severe sufferings which she had then endured? In this

case, she said not one word about herself; it was only—" 'Ma, *you* can draw your feet up in the bed to rest your limbs, can't you?"—and her streaming tears told the rest. But there was an eloquence in them, which would thrill any heart less hard than adamant. * * *

Charlotte had sometimes thought, before her own life was despaired of, of the possibility of outliving her parents; and her own feelings always seemed to shrink from such a contemplated trial. And she has frequently been heard to say, that she should rather be called away herself, if God could see fit, than follow either of her dear parents to the grave. " O, it seems to me, I could not endure it and live." And happy for *her*, unquestionably, that she was spared this trial, by having her own happy spirit so early emancipated from the sorrows and sufferings of mortality, and introduced to that world where all is light, and bliss, and glory:

Where she can bathe her weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of sorrow roll
Across her peaceful breast.

Early in the spring of 1835, there seemed to

be a partial waking up of interest in the church at Somers; and it was thought advisable that the whole church should be visited by a committee appointed for the purpose, that personal conversation might be had with each member, and an attempt made to excite them to more faithfulness in the discharge of duty, and lead them to a more entire consecration to God.

In the discharge of this duty, two of the committee called at Dr. Hamilton's; and, in the course of conversation, inquiry was made of Mrs. Hamilton, (Dr. H. being absent on his professional business), in relation to her own evidence of experimental piety. She replied, in substance, that the manner in which she lived, led her sometimes to think that she never had any religion, and had been a hypocrite. Much more of the same kind of conversation took place. The committee were faithful in pressing duty. Charlotte listened with eager interest to the conversation on both sides, and after the interview had closed by an appropriate prayer, in which a deacon of the church led, they left the house, to continue the course of their visits.

Charlotte immediately called her mother to her—threw her arms about her neck—kissed her

most affectionately, and bursting into a flood of tears, asked, "dear mother, have *you* no hope that you are a Christian?" And here she sobbed enough to break her heart. "O, if you have no hope, it seems as though I could not live!"

Her mother told her she did not exactly understand her. She meant that she lived so, that she sometimes felt that she ought not to think herself a Christian; and did not know but she might be deceived, although she had not really given up her hope.

"O, then, dear mother," said Charlotte, kissing her again, "do try to live differently—live so that you won't *need* to have such feelings about yourself. *Will you not*, 'ma? *And will you not begin now?*" In this strain she continued for some time, in the most tender, respectful, and yet faithful exhortation. "And," she added, "do pray for *me*, dear mother, that I may not be left to get into the dark, and lose my comfort and hope."

At another time, while a sister of her mother, in an adjoining town, cut down in a very sudden and unexpected manner, was lying a corpse, Mrs. Hamilton was sitting in the room, in the evening, and supposing Charlotte was asleep, had

taken up the Bible, and was reading it for her own comfort, under this unexpected bereavement. But Charlotte was not sleeping; and observing the tears flowing, as her mother read, and evidently wishing to pour balm into her wounded heart, addressed her: "O, 'ma, what could we do in affliction, if it were not for the Bible, and the hopes and comforts which it affords? I often think I could never have borne the pain and distress which I have, this winter, if I could not have seen the hand of God in it, and if the Bible had not said, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' But I can bear it now. I know it is all right. But O, 'ma, what can the poor heathen do, who have no Bible to tell them about God? I often wonder how they can bear pain and afflictions, when they do not understand that it is GOD who sends them upon them, nor the reasons why he sends them."

Let me ask that the reader would just look at a mere *child*, in such a way, and under circumstances like these, evidently attempting to comfort her afflicted mother, in this indirect and ingenious manner, and by such appeals; and then say, whether there is a minister of the gospel, who might not sit down by such an example, and

feel himself instructed in regard to one very important branch of his official duty, when visiting the afflicted children of God, and complying with the command, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people."

I shall close this chapter by introducing here, the only note which Charlotte is ever known to have made in writing, respecting her feelings. It was found on a piece of paper, folded up in the form of a little book, and was probably designed to have been followed by other entries, for her own eye. It is copied in the exact language in which it was written.

"April 20, 1835.

"Here I am, confined to my bed, and am not able to do any thing. I have not been to church for more than six months; it seems a very long time. O, how I long to go! But God has seen fit to order it otherwise; and O, I do hope and pray, that I shall not be left to complain. Yet, with all my afflictions, I have a great many blessings for which I ought to be very thankful."

CHAPTER VI.

Although Charlotte, ordinarily, said but little, especially when any were present with whom she was not familiarly acquainted, yet she was a close observer of the conduct and characters of those who were thrown in her way, as frequently evinced by her introducing the subject afterwards, in the confidence and privacy of the domestic circle.

On one occasion she introduced the subject of *pride*,—and remarked that of all sins, pride seemed to her the meanest, and the most foolish, and especially to see people proud of their looks or their clothes. "Since I have been sick," said she, "some little girls have come in to see me, who had got on a new frock, or a new bonnet; and they would twist and turn, (and here she, in a very humorous manner, imitated their gestures), and once in a while they would look at me, but a great deal oftener at themselves; and I have no

doubt they thought more about their new frock or apron, than they did about my being sick."

"Well, Charlotte," said one in the room, "I suppose *you* never had any pride?"

"I suppose I have," said she. "I don't know as there is any body entirely without pride. It doesn't all show itself in the same way; but I don't think I was ever proud of my *clothes*."

"Well, what *did* you ever feel proud about?"

"O, I suppose I have felt proud about a great many things."

"Well, then, you can mention *one* thing. Let us have a single thing, which you have felt pride about."

After some pause and hesitation, she replied: "When I went to school, and had to stay out sometimes, on account of being unwell, I had to take my place at the foot of the class; but I have sometimes got clear up to the head, the very first time spelling; and when I looked round to see how many there were below me, I felt a little proud *then*. But it was not right."

This is the substance of the artless manner in which she narrated what was unquestionably the simple truth in relation to her feelings. That *was* the course which *her* pride took, and was

very honestly confessed, although she could now see that it was wrong.

Charlotte was quick to notice any inaccuracy in the use of language; and when she heard any thing of the kind from her sister, she would hint it, by inquiring, in a very pleasant tone, "what *grammar* did you study, sister?"

One time her little brother came in, and with a good deal of spirit, said, he *hated* such a boy, who had done something to offend him.

"O, no, A—," said she, "you should not *hate* any one; you may hate their *actions*, but you should not hate *them*—you should love them." Such remarks as these were often made by her, when she thought it would be proper for her to express them to the person, who might be the occasion of calling them forth.

There was another circumstance in relation to this child, which it may be proper to notice. Whenever she went to her parents with a request that she might go somewhere, or do something which she wished, and received a decided "*No*, you cannot go;" or, "I do not think it best;" that, with Charlotte, was the end of the business. There never was any "*teasing*"—any "do let me go—or do it," &c., so common among children.

How children may be learned to tease.

Here is a lesson for parents, as well as children. Never refuse a request unless you *mean* as you say; and then let that decision be *final*. Children may very easily be *taught* to tease, by yielding to their solicitations, after having refused them. In such cases, they cannot be expected to show a willingness to take NO for an answer, when contrary to their inclinations or wishes.

After the death of Louisa K., the mother of Charlotte said to her, that, had she known Louisa was so soon to be taken away, she should have oftener yielded to her requests, to visit her little friend, on account of the intimacy which had existed between them.

Charlotte replied, with a tear starting from her eye, "I used sometimes to *want* to go, *very much* indeed; but I knew you *meant* to do right, 'ma; and I did not think hard about it; because I was satisfied that you must know best."

Let there be *ground* for this confidence of the child, in the case of every parent. This, the child may often be made to see, with proper care on the part of the parent, after the circumstances have taken place. And the child will not only understand that "No" *means* no; but feel assured of the *benevolence* of the decision.

CHAPTER VII.

Charlotte felt a deep interest that her little infant sister should, very early, be instructed in religious truth. She often spoke to her mother and oldest sister on the subject, and urged them, as soon as she could begin to understand any thing about it, to tell her about God, and try to learn her to love him.

"I have often thought," she would sometimes say, "how I should have tried to do it, if I should live. I would lead her out, and when I saw a beautiful flower, I would tell her that God made that flower. And when I saw apples, or cherries, or peaches, or any fruit which she loved, I would tell her that God made them grow; and that he made every thing which we see. And I would try, then, to show her how she ought to love such a God. But," she would add, "I shall not live to teach her." And then, addressing her mother and sister, "you will teach her about God, when I am gone, won't you? and try to teach her

to love him, as soon as she can understand any thing about him?"

Remarks similar to the above, she made frequently, respecting this most interesting subject —the early religious instruction of children. The plan which she had formed, respecting the manner of attempting to associate the idea of God with every object which would be likely to interest the infant mind, was not gathered from books or conversation, but seemed to have been the result of her *own* study; and is worthy of the consideration of every parent or teacher, who has any thing to do with the religious training of the young, or would be instrumental in promoting infant piety. How much in this way, might be done, where almost nothing is now attempted, to familiarize to the young mind the fact that there is a God, and that he ought to be loved; and who can tell the result? It may be the very instrumentality upon which God will smile, and to which, he will add his blessing. And then, how many infant voices would pour forth, from renewed hearts, "Hosanna to the Son of David."

At another time, Charlotte told her mother, she had learned something about *prayer*, which she did not understand once. "I had heard min-

isters say, sometimes, 'you must pray always—pray without ceasing,' &c. But I could not see how this could be very well done. For I thought *I* could not offer acceptable prayer to God, unless I went away alone, and kneeled down, and made use of words. But now I have learned, 'ma, that I can. I can pray lying here on the bed, when you and 'pa are in the room, and ever so many more, and even if you should all be talking. I don't say any words, but my heart can be praying all the time. And I often feel that God is close by me, and tells me how to pray, and hears every thing which my heart prays, when I don't use any words at all. If my *heart* tells God what I want, he understands it just as well as if I said the words aloud." This is the simple experience of a child of ten years of age, and as nearly in her own simple words as could be remembered. What a channel of communication must be opened between God and such a soul, in the exercise of prayer! This was her most precious, delightful employment. It seemed to be, as it were, her meat and drink; and evidently did much to prepare her for the scenes which were to follow. How much *confidence* she had in prayer, will

appear in the subsequent part of the volume. And it is emphatically true, that

> She who thus felt the worth of prayer,
> Delighted to be often there.

A single fact may be mentioned in this place, illustrative of the tenderness of conscience which marked this dear child. Several months before her death, she asked both of her parents to forgive her, for any thing she had done to hurt their feelings in disobeying them. She then requested them to tell her of some particular instance of disobedience, which they could recollect. This request was often repeated, and in such a way as to show, that the subject rested with much weight upon her mind; and

> " Though her own heart accused her not,"

of intentional disobedience, still she was willing to have the whole truth, in relation to this subject brought under review, before she should go hence, that she might know the worst of her case; and she did not seem to doubt that her parents would readily recollect numerous cases of disobedience. But they assured her that they did not.

And they have since assured the compiler, that they could not, at that time, recollect a single instance of intentional disobedience in this child, since she had come to years of discretion.

Her mother, at one time, after Charlotte had again introduced the subject, asked her if *she* recollected any particular instance of disobedience. She replied, she supoosed she had disobeyed a great many times.

"Well, then, said her mother, mention *one* instance which *you* can recollect."

"I do not *recollect* but one instance," said she; and then related the circumstance, inserted on a previous page, of her leaving home, with the consent of her sister, to play with a little companion of hers, while her mother was absent, and had left them both to remain at home, in charge of the house. (See page 12.)

This was the only instance, which this child could recollect, of disobedience to her parents; and this was under such circumstances of palliation, as would have quieted any conscience less tender than her own. But it had made an impression on her mind, not easily to be effaced. And she had the ingenuousness to acknowledge it on this bed of sickness, long after it had passed

from the recollection of her parent; and again to seek forgiveness for it, although she had long since sought and obtained forgiveness of her God.

Charlotte was exceedingly fond of books; and during the last winter of her life, confined, as she was, to her room, she seemed eagerly to devour every thing of the kind, of a religious character, which she could get. Her Sabbath school teacher, aware of her interest in books, procured a copy of "Todd's Lectures to children," from the Sabbath School Library, and sent it to her. Charlotte was delighted with it. But she seemed unwilling to read more than a chapter at a time. This was so different from her usual conduct, that her mother inquired the reason. Charlotte replied, that she could not bear the thought of getting through with it; and therefore she would consent to read but little at a time, in order that the rich entertainment which she derived from reading it, might hold out the longer!

The substance of one of the illustrations, with which the book abounds, Charlotte related to her mother, in her own words, and then made the application to herself. But it may be interesting

The quotation.

to the reader to see the entire paragraph, copied in the language of the author. It follows.

"People have three things, which they think of, and which they call their friends. These three things are, 1. The world, that is, property, and houses, and all the fine things which they have. 2. Their friends. 3. Jesus Christ. The first of these friends is loved the most. Our friends are loved the next best; and Jesus Christ least of all. So when we are taken sick, and must die, and go in before the great King, we call upon these to help us. The world, and the things of the world, however cannot go with us one step. They must all be useless, the moment we lie upon the bed of death. The next, which is, our friends, can go with us through the sickness, as far as the gate of death, and there they stop and leave us. But Jesus Christ, that friend of whom we think so little, and whom we love so little, can go in with us before the great King of kings, and plead for us—intercede for us, and thus save our souls from being condemned to eternal death. This, O, *this*, is the time when we need him for our friend, and need him for our intercessor. He died for us, and can, therefore, be our friend, and plead for us, and save us."

Charlotte repeated to her mother the substance of this paragraph, and added, as her head was reclining upon her mother's bosom, and her eyes were raised to her's, "You can go to the gate with me, 'ma; but you can't go any farther. But O, if I had no Saviour, I should have to go all alone."

The preciousness of this Saviour she had already learned from her own rich experience, during her protracted sickness, and he did not forsake her in a dying hour.

At another time, when Charlotte had seemed to be in a deep study for some time, she broke forth in an expression of delight, mingled with wonder, "how is it, 'ma; we try every way to find happiness—the world, and friends, and pleasure, and get disappointed; and after all, as the very last thing, we go to Jesus Christ, and then he will receive us!" At this stoop of condescension on the part of Christ, this dear child could not suppress her wonder. And it is wonderful. Would that it were more justly appreciated.

CHAPTER VIII.

Until within about eleven weeks of her death, hopes, more or less encouraging, were entertained, that Charlotte might eventually recover. She occasionally rode out, when the weather would admit; but always had to be carried from her room to the carriage, as much as an infant would be. But about this time her disease seemed to renew the energy of its attack, and she was reduced to a still lower point than she had ever been before. She was now confined exclusively to her bed; and while the body was rapidly wasting away, her soul seemed to be gathering new strength, and preparing for its release from its earthly prison house, and for its entrance into that world, where all is light, and bliss, and glory.

One morning her mother said to her, "Charlotte, you feel a good deal more unwell, do you not?" The reply was that she did. Her mother

then told her that she had been hoping that she was getting better, and would get well.

Charlotte replied, that she knew her friends thought she was getting better; but, said she, "I have never very much thought I should get well, since last winter."

"Why, then," said her mother, "did you not tell us of it?" She made but little answer. But it seemed evident that the reason was, she did not wish to give her friends uneasiness about it.

About this time, she mentioned to her mother that she had intended to set out some rose bushes on her little brother's grave, who had died, at about the age of eight months. "But," she added, "I shall never do it now; and I wish you would have Elizabeth do it."

"And do you feel, my child, that you shall soon lie by his side?"

"Yes, 'ma, my body will: but I have no fear of death now. I used to feel distressed at the thought of dying, when I was first taken sick. But I don't feel so now."

"My child, you don't know how you will feel; the trial has not come, yet, Perhaps if you thought you should not live till *tomorrow morning*, you would not feel as you do now."

"I have seen the time, 'ma, when I thought I should not live so long as that, and I did not feel afraid to die. I could trust myself in God's hands, and felt willing to go, if He saw fit to call me."

"I suppose,"—said the mother, in a way that was likely to make the impression that she regarded it as a matter of course,—"you felt willing to die, because you would get away from so much pain, as you have to suffer here?"

Charlotte started, and with a look of amazement replied, "dear mother, why, I never thought of that."—No one could have witnessed the manner in which this was uttered, and yet doubt that she expressed the exact truth, on the subject. And yet how many older Christians, on a sick-bed, have felt a wish to die, because, in this way, they should be freed from pain and suffering here. How few could say, with this child, "I have never thought of that?"

After speaking of the happiness of heaven, her mother asked Charlotte, what she thought, would make heaven such a happy place? whether it would be, because God would be there; and because she could see her Saviour, and be with him?"

The happiness of heaven.

"O, 'ma," said she, "more than every thing else, it will be, BECAUSE THERE WILL BE NO SIN THERE. Why 'ma, you know we could be perfectly happy here if it were not for sin." The great burden of her soul seemed to be *sin*,—"SIN." It was this, most emphatically, that marred all her peace, and led her so often to pant for a release from the body. She seemed to realize the truth of those impressive lines,

> "Were I enthroned above the rest,
> Where angels or archangels dwell;
> *One* sin, unslain within my breast,
> Would make that world as dark as hell."

In the midst of all her own sufferings, Charlotte never ceased to cherish a deep anxiety for the spiritual welfare of her friends. And this anxiety was often expressed. She frequently spoke of her only brother, about six years of age, and expressed great earnestness of desire, that he should immediately attend to the concerns of his soul, and become a Christian. "O, 'ma," said she at one time, "how distressing is the thought, that *one* of my dear friends may not meet me in heaven!"

Her mother replied that she did not think *her* happiness in heaven would depend upon the fact whether others were, or were not saved; and that if any one of, or all her friends should refuse to comply with the gospel, it would not mar her happiness.

"O, I know it, 'ma," said Charlotte, "for I should see the *justice* of God in such a way, that I should *know* it was all right on the part of God, and I should not be unhappy. But O, it would be painful *parting* with them *now*," said she, sobbing as she spoke, "if I could not hope that I might meet them in heaven."

At one of the frequent visits of her grandfather, he gave Charlotte a piece of poetry, said to have been written by a daughter of President Day, a short time before her death, which he had copied, with some slight alterations, to adapt it to the circumstances of this favorite grandchild of his. This, to her, was a most acceptable service, as she said it expressed her feelings most accurately. As many of the readers of this volume may never have seen this poetical effusion, it has been deemed advisable to insert it, notwithstanding its length. It follows:

Poetry.

I would not wish that o'er my grave,
A rose or myrtle bough should lean,
Nor e'en the willow there should wave,
Nor aught but wild flowers should be seen.

I would not wish that those I love,
Should wander there at close of day,
And think of her, o'er whom they rove,
As dwelling *only* with decay;

Or gazing on the little mound,
Imagine *I* beneath must be;
And starting at the slightest sound,
With chilling horror think of me.

No, but in each familiar spot,
Which both to me and them was dear,
There I would not be *all* forgot,
Yet ne'er remember'd with a tear.

In the sweet home I loved so well,
Round *them*, unseen, I oft would fly,
Teaching the summer breeze to swell
With notes of spirit melody.

And something in that half-heard strain,
Should breathe an unforgotten voice,
And bringing thought all free from pain,
Should still forbid them to rejoice.

Or when around the cheerful hearth,
Parents and children meet at eve,
While beats each heart with love or mirth,
O, let no thought of CHARLOTTE grieve.

The Chinese paper.

Yet I would hover in the air,
And bind each heart with spells unknown,
Till they should feel my spirit there,
Mingling in every look and tone.

Each glance of childhood's sparkling eye,
Each thrilling sound of childish glee,
And every pensive look and sigh,
All should some token bear of me.

Yet with my memory should not come
One thought of dear affections *cross'd*,
Or any shade in that lov'd home,
Where by my Saviour I was washed.

When these stanzas had been read, and Charlotte had expressed her approbation of them, she said, "Grandpa, I have got one paper now, which you have written on, and which you gave me. Sister E., will you not bring my *little box* here?" —She had one which she had appropriated as a repository of such little papers as contained any thing which particularly interested her feelings. She soon found the paper to which she referred, —it was a small piece of colored Chinese paper, beautifully ornamented, which her grandfather had somewhere found, and between the columns of Chinese characters with which it was printed, he had written the following:—Charlotte Hamil-

C's comment. The reply.

ton, Somers, Con.—Learn Christ's gospel; obey God's commandments; pray for his grace; lead a life of virtue; your heart void of offence; then shall your future course be blessed, and your end be peace." This was dated "Nov. 1833," and was given to her while on a visit to her grandfather's, about one month after she thought she had given up her heart to God,—and had not been thought of by him, since that time.

As she handed him the little paper, choicely folded up, he said, smiling, "Why, Charlotte, I am sure there cannot be much written on such a little piece of paper as that; (not being able to recollect any thing about giving her the paper, or what he had written upon it.)

Charlotte replied, "You know, Grandpa, that a *little* sometimes means a good deal,—and may be thought of, and do good, a long time afterwards."

This comment, connected with the choice manner in which she had preserved the paper, indicated the value which she placed upon it; and when he came now to read it, in his own hand writing, under these touching circumstances, brought forward on her dying bed—the tears

started, as he said, "Dear child, you have lived up to this, faithfully."

A few weeks before her death, Charlotte employed some of the moments, when she felt the least distressed, in doing up little locks of her hair, very neatly, for some of her most intimate friends, to be preserved as little mementos of herself, after she should be called away. A description of one of these, will answer for the whole. The paper was cut exactly round, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and very neatly and finely notched on the edge, all round. To this, a lock of her hair was tied with a blue ribbon, with as much taste as could have been done by any individual whatever. This was enclosed in another piece of paper, on the inside of which, was written with a pencil, the following, by her own hand:

"When this little lock you see,
Will you, dear Aunt, remember me?"

This was sent to an aunt, to whom she was greatly attached, then residing in Hartford. When she had completed this, her strength was almost entirely exhausted, although it was done

at intervals, when she felt most able to use her hands enough for such a purpose. She had previously finished several others, in a similar manner, and given them away; and had commenced several more, which were never completed. These incidents are mentioned simply to illustrate the perfect *composure* with which she contemplated her own departure, and made all her arrangements for it. She could not have exhibited more, had she been about to remove to some delightful part of the country, and wishing to distribute to her friends, some little tokens of affectionate regard, to be preserved by them. She always spoke of death, with as much calmness and placidity, as she would speak of going to bed. There seemed to be nothing in it, that could agitate her in the least. But it was always regarded as "the gate to endless joy."

CHAPTER IX.

In the month of July, Charlotte, in some way, introduced the subject of making a profession of religion, in conversation with her mother. She had evidently thought much of it, although she had never formally expressed the wish to do so, herself.

Her mother said to her, "perhaps we have not done right, in thinking it was not best that you and E. should make a profession until you were some older. But we meant to do right."

"I know you did," said Charlotte. "But O, if I should get well, I think it would be the first thing which I should wish to do. Besides, 'ma, you know Christ gave the *command*, 'This *do* in remembrance of me;' and it seems to me, it *ought* to be obeyed. That hymn is very beautiful—

> "Do this, said he, till time shall end,
> In memory of your dying friend;
> Meet at my table and record
> The love of your departed Lord."

But I suppose it has sometimes been done on a sick bed. I recollect it was in the case of Nathan Dickerman."

"I know," said her mother, "it has sometimes been done at such a time. But you know, Charlotte, it would make no difference in regard to your acceptance with God. If your heart is right in his sight, and you are a real Christian, God will accept you, even if you have never made a public profession of religion, and partaken of the ordinance of the supper."

"O, I know it, 'ma—I know it. It would be only because I should love to comply with that command of the Saviour, that I should feel anxious to do it."

Such was the feeling of this dear child in relation to this ordinance. She had, doubtless, long thought upon the subject, although she had not before expressed her feelings decidedly, to either of her parents. Whether they erred in judgment, in regard to the advice to these two children, to defer making a profession of religion, for such a length of time, on the ground of their childhood, is a question that would probably be decided differently, by different individuals. Without entering into a discussion of the question

respecting "speedy admissions to the churches," the compiler feels bound to make this general remark; that so much time should be required to elapse, between indulging hope, and making public profession of religion, as is necessary to furnish satisfactory evidence of the existence of genuine piety. This is a general rule, by which every minister and church ought to feel themselves bound. Satisfactory evidence of the existence of genuine piety ought to be demanded in every instance; and it is obvious, that the time to gain this evidence from different individuals, will be longer in some cases, than in others. When an individual gains this evidence for himself, it is his duty to *request* the privilege of obeying the dying injunction of Christ, "This do in remembrance of me;" and when a church receives this evidence from an individual, it is their duty to yield to him this privilege. The church have no *right* to refuse it, any more than they have a right to prevent obedience in any other particular. They ought to be satisfied of the genuineness of piety in the case; but *when* satisfied, they cannot, without criminality stand in the way of a Christian's discharge of his whole duty to his God and Saviour.

* A possibility of mistake.

It is true, that a church may mistake the real character of a person, of whose piety they may feel satisfied, with only a short probation. And so they might mistake, if they required him to wait one, two, or five years! *Infallibility* is entirely out of the question. It did not characterize the proceedings of the apostles themselves, in regard to *this point;* as any one will see, from the recorded baptism of Simon Magus, the case of Annanias and Sapphira, &c. The *possibility* of deception will still exist, take what time the church may, to test the piety of those to be admitted within the sacred enclosures. But with the best light which the church can have, she is bound to go forward in the discharge of duty, and leave results with God. This is all the great Head of the church demands.

If, then, the church are as well satisfied of the existence of piety in the child of eight or ten years of age, as they are of the adult individual received; why should not the child be admitted to the same privilege? And why is not the child as much bound to obey the injunction of Christ, as the adult? If mere childhood does not necessarily prevent their becoming Christians, neither should it prevent their being admitted to those

positive institutions of Christ which were designed for Christians. In relation to such, we may regard Christ as saying emphatically, "Suffer the *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

About two weeks subsequent to the foregoing conversation, respecting uniting with the church, and commemorating the death of Christ, the Rev. Mr. Dennis, pastor of the church in Somers, called to see Charlotte, and without knowing that she had said any thing on the subject, asked her, whether she had ever thought that it would be a privilcge to make a public profession of religion, and commemorate the dying love of Christ, should she be spared to get well?

She replied that she had; and thought it would be a great privilege. From the manner of her answer, her pastor perceived that this subject was one of deep interest to her, and he then changed the form of the question, and asked, if it were practicable for her to be admitted to the church, while on this bed of sickness, and once, before she died, to partake of the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood, whether she would wish to do it? She replied with great earnestness, that she should. He then told her, he supposed it was

practicable, and had often been done in similar circumstances; and that he would take the subject into special consideration, and converse with her, farther about it, at another time.

The subject, being thus introduced, seemed to fill her thoughts as was evident from her frequent reference to it in conversation. She told her mother in the evening, that she was glad Mr. D. introduced the subject; that she should not have dared to mention it to him first, because she did not know as it would be proper to be done. "But," said she, "if he had not thought it proper, he would not have mentioned it; do you think he would, 'ma?" The reply was in the negative. Charlotte then told her mother she recollected being present when some of her companions were admitted to the church, before she was taken sick; and that she staid at the communion, and could not help feeling sorry that she was not admitted among the others, so that she could partake with them; "and when you took the cup, 'ma, you looked round on me, and I thought you wished that I could partake of that cup with you. I shall never forget my feelings at that time."

CHAPTER X.

The conversations and incidents narrated in this, and the subsequent chapters are almost exclusively taken from notes made by the mother of Charlotte, near the time of their occurrence, or immediately after her death; with the exception of a part, of which the compiler was an eye-witness. Some of the dates have been preserved.

July 26. During the morning, Charlotte was very feeble; and evidently, for a long time, was engaged in prayer. At length, she looked up, and said, very pleasantly to her mother, "Ma, I think I shall be able to bear pain better than I have done. I have been very much afraid that my patience would not hold out; but I shall be able to bear now, without complaining, whatever God sees fit to lay upon me."

"My child," said the mother, "have you been praying for patience?"

"I have; and God has heard my prayer," was the reply.

At this time, the operation of dressing the

diseased limb, was painful in the extreme. Of this, every one must be satisfied, when it is remarked that purulent matter was secreted round the bone, from the knee, nearly to the hip; and that when it was dressed, this matter had to be *forced* downward by pressure, through nearly the whole length of the limb, to the knee, the place of discharge. The quantity thus removed from the limb, varied; but sometimes amounted nearly to half a pint of the most offensive matter. Take these facts into view, connected with the extreme soreness of the limb, and the reader will be satisfied that the operation of dressing the limb, was a most painful one. It was for patience to bear this pain, that Charlotte had been praying, and expressed such confidence that her prayer had been heard.

While her father was dressing the limb at this time, the agony of suffering brought tears from her eyes; but looking up to her father through her tears, with an expression which cannot be described, she meekly said, "the tears will run, but I have not *complained*, have I, pa?" She then added with a smile, "*I can bear it.*"

After the dressing was finished, her head, and poor little emaciated body, were permitted to

recline in her grandmother's lap. It was wished that she might get some sleep; but in a short time she broke forth in the following strain, addressed to her grandmother: "When 'pa was dressing my limb, I was thinking of our Saviour's sufferings on the cross. O, how he suffered, no tongue can tell! No friends stood by, to comfort and pity him. And he was suffering, not for *his* sins, but for *ours;* while I am surrounded by friends who do all they can to comfort me, though I am suffering for my own sins!" What think you, middle-aged, or aged Christian, of the *philosophy* of selecting such a subject for meditation, to prevent repining, under such circumstances? Is it not the philosophy of the book of God? And can you fix upon a better topic for such a purpose, in the whole range of revealed truth, than the one selected by this *child?* Receive a lesson of instruction from this example. In the very hottest furnace of affliction in which you can be thrown, you, as well as this dear child may say with pertinency—THESE ARE NOT THE SORROWS AND SUFFERINGS OF GETHSEMANE.

Soon after the above remarks of Charlotte, she commenced conversing with her sister, in substance as follows: "I have but a little while to

live, sister E——, and I feel sorry that you must be left alone; but still, on my own account, I do not wish to live. I have no fears in regard to myself; I feel confident that I shall be happier in another world, than I can be here. O, sister, do be prepared to die, and then our separation will be short, and we can both be happy there forever, because there will be no *sin* there."

She then entreated her to be faithful to their little brother and sister—to tell them about God, his goodness and mercy; about the sufferings and death of Christ, and all that he has done to save sinners. "O, take them into your chamber," said she, "and try to make them understand these things, and love God. Elizabeth, WILL YOU DO IT?" This was expressed in such a tone, and with such earnestness, that it cannot be forgotten.

July 27. During the whole of this day, Charlotte was very weak, and said but little, till towards evening. She then expressed her full confidence in God—said she did not fear the pain which she was yet to suffer, for she could bear it now.

"My child," said the mother, "are you confident that God has heard your prayer?"

She answered in the affirmative, and added, "'ma, you thought me worse last Saturday; but you did not know how I felt. I thought my life had been spared so long, and I had suffered so much, that I could not bear much more; and was afraid I should be left to murmur or complain. I felt so, through the day. But I have no fears now. God has heard my prayer, and it seemed just as if Jesus stood by me, and said, *he would give me patience, as long as he gave me pain;* and he has made me willing to live, and suffer, as long as he sees fit." She then requested her mother to sing the following favorite hymn of hers:

Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, and groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still shrink we back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Address to a young feiend.

Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

After this hymn was sung, Charlotte added, "if my Saviour was to call for me now—this very hour, I think I could rest my head upon his bosom—

'And breathe my life out sweetly there.'"

One of her young companions, who had united with the church, came in to see her. Charlotte, much exhausted, whispered to her mother, "O, how I wish I could talk to Abigail. Don't let her go away, and I will rest a minute, and perhaps I can say a few words." She waited a little while, and then took her by the hand and said, "Abigail you have professed to love God. Do live near to him. Don't go away from him, and forget what he has done for you. Do love him more and more, and live only for him. He has promised that whatever we ask in the name, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, he will do it for us. Then pray; and try to do good among your companions. Tell them, from me, that there is nothing

worth living for, but heaven. Tell them I love them all, and want to see them, and talk with them, but cannot. O, do try to make them love God. I know they would, if they knew how good he is. Tell them they may be called for, in an hour when they think not of it, and I want to meet them all in heaven, and we shall be happier there, than we ever were here."

Soon after this, Mr. F. came into the room, and inquired how she did? She turned her head, and looked upon him with a great deal of earnestness, and said, " you used to teach me when I was well. I want to thank you for it—I can't do any thing else. But I want to have you love God, and be prepared to die. You know not how soon you may be called away. It seems to me you would love God, if you knew how good he is. I want to meet you in heaven."

She then desired her little brother to come near her, and took him by the hand, and said, " I can't live but a little while, and want to say a great deal to you, but cannot talk much. I want to have you remember me, and O, I want to have you love and serve God. I love you, A., but I shall live but a little while, and then I shall go where Jesus is, and shall be happy. And I

want to have you come there too; but you can't, unless you repent. You are old enough to understand something about it now. And you can pray to God to give you a new heart, and teach you how to pray. Praying is only *just telling God what you want*. Now you can do this; and I am sure, in a little while, you will love to pray to Him;—I know you will."

She then requested to have her little bible brought, that she might present it, as a legacy, to this dear and only brother, from his dying sister. It was brought. And, still retaining her little brother's hand in one of her's, she took the bible in the other, and in the most solemn and affecting manner, entreated him to keep it as coming from her, to read it, and try to understand it. "It is what is contained in this blessed book," said she, "that enables me to bear what I do, and that makes me willing to die. And I hope it will afford you as much comfort, as it has afforded me. Here, you can read about Jesus Christ, who died for sinners; and about heaven, where he is now. But if you do not repent and love him, you never can go there. Dear brother, I hope I shall meet you in heaven."

She then turned to her father, and, holding up

the book, said, "You gave me this bible, and it is the most precious present, which you ever made me. It has been the means of saving my soul. I thank you for it. I was glad at the time, to have a new book;* but I little thought of the consolation it would afford me."

She then thanked her mother, very affectionately for all the good instruction which she had given her; mentioned many things in particular which had been very much blessed to her, and earnestly entreated her to be faithful to her little brother, and infant sister.

To her sister, older than herself, who indulged hope of a change of heart before she did, but had not yet made a profession of religion, she said, "E., I have asked you one question a number of times, but you have not given me a *decided* answer. Now I must know how you feel. HAVE YOU A GOOD HOPE THAT YOU SHALL MEET ME IN HEAVEN?" After receiving an affirmative answer which satisfied her, she said, "O well, then I can rest. But I am afraid you do not feel as you did once. Do live near to God. The time is short. Don't think, dear sister, too much of the world."

* She was quite young when it was given her.

In this manner this dear child seemed to be doing up her last work, as she and others thought; although she was spared for four weeks longer to struggle with pain and suffering, while, to all around, her life was hardly expected from one day to another. But God's time had not come; and she seemed, emphatically, to be *waiting*, with her loins girded about, and her lamp trimmed and burning.

On account of the failure of the person who was to have taken care of Charlotte during the following night, her mother was left alone with her; and to that mother's heart, this was a most interesting night. Her dear child seemed to be

"Rapt in joy, and love, and wonder,"

and ripening fast, for the purity and the bliss of heaven.

Charlotte again introduced the subject of partaking once, of the memorials of the Saviour's sufferings and death; and said, she was glad her minister had mentioned it. She then asked her mother if she did not think that she should partake with her, if the ordinance should be administered to her on the next Sabbath, as was

proposed? The reply was in the *affirmative.* Charlotte added, "and ever after, 'ma, when you go to the communion, you will remember that you *once* partook of that ordinance with me, but that *then* I shall be partaking it new, in the kingdom of heaven;" evidently alluding to the phraseology of Christ, "until that day when I shall drink it new with you," &c.

Her mother then asked her, if she still dated her hope back to the time when she had thought she first submitted her heart to God, which was on the last Sabbath in October, in 1833?

"Yes, mother," was the reply; "I do not think I ought to give it up. But I did not use to feel my obligations to God, as much as I have since. I think I used to love God for his goodness and mercy; and yet I did not realize how much I was indebted to his mercy. Why, 'ma, if he had not drawn me to him, I should never have come."

But the inquiry was made, *how* has he "drawn" you, my child?

"By his Holy Spirit; and he has *kept* me by this Spirit, and will not let me go."

"I did not use to understand the *justice* of God in punishing sin; did not see, as I now do,

how he hated sin; but I see it now; and this makes his mercy appear so great."

She then fell asleep, and in a little time awoke herself by repeating this line—

"Jesus, my Lord, has gone before"—

Her mother asked her, what she said? She then repeated the whole stanza:

"Jesus, my Lord, has gone before,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me."

"'Ma, I am HAPPY, I shall soon be where my Saviour is; and all my dear friends who love God will soon follow; O we shall be happy." This was a most interesting night, especially to a mother's heart, who listened to much more of the same kind of conversation, which this dear child was pouring forth, from the overflowings of her full heart, conscious that she had almost crossed the vale of tears, and was ready to take possession of the unalloyed blessedness of the heavenly state.

The next day, after Charlotte had been conversing for a while, her mother asked her, if

she did not sometimes think that she might get well?

The reply was, "I have not thought much about that."

Her mother, then, for the purpose of testing her willingness to die, made an appeal to her sympathies; "Do you not wish to get well, Charlotte? You know how anxious we are, to have you live; we love you, and have done, and are doing, every thing we can to have you get well; and do you not wish to live?"

Charlotte replied; "I know, 'ma, that you and 'pa have done all that you can, and so have all my friends, and I thank you for it. But, 'ma, you have not, any of you, done as much as GOD has. He has given his Son to DIE for me, so that I might be saved; and he has shown me my guilt, and subdued my heart—and has He not done more than any body else? and ought I not to be willing to go, if he calls me away?"

Subsequently she said to her mother, that she felt as though she could not stay long; and she did not wish to; she had rather depart; and repeated a part of the following favorite hymn.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O joyful and transporting scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

No chilling winds—no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow—pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?"

This seemed to be the sincere aspiration of her heart—the very panting of her soul.

Her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dennis, called to see her, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned, particularly, the 14th chapter of John, which he wished she would read, when she was able; or have some one read to her. Owing to her extreme diffidence, she did not tell him that she had thought of that chapter with any special interest. But after he had left, she told her mother, that she had read that chapter a great

deal, and always with very great interest. "Indeed, 'ma, said she, I don't know how we could do, if that chapter were not in the Bible. It seems to contain more than almost any other."

July 30. Charlotte inquired of her mother what day of the week it was? On being told it was *Thursday*, she replied, that, if it was no later, she was afraid she should not live till the Sabbath, the time fixed upon, for her admission into the church. She was asked, if she felt anxious to live, until the Sabbath? She replied, "I wish to live only that I may commemorate the sufferings and death of Christ. It will be a *privilege* to obey that dying command once, before I leave the world. I do not wish to live for any thing else."

This was the only time she ever expressed any *wish* to live, even a single day, from the time she was confined entirely to her bed, about ten weeks previous to her death. The uniform attitude of her happy soul, seemed to be that of "*waiting*"—and "*ready*" for the coming of her Lord.

CHAPTER XI.

During the last part of the week, respecting which we were speaking in the close of the preceding chapter, Charlotte gave repeated evidence that she thought much of the anticipated privilege of commemorating the death of her Saviour. On Saturday morning her pastor, Rev. Mr. D., called again to see her, at the request of her father, who was fearful that she might not live until the next day. On this account, it had been suggested whether, in such an emergency, the mere formality of a vote of the church to receive her, as a member of that particular branch of the family of Christ, was necessary, before the sacrament could be administered. Mr. D. consented to dispense with it, in this case, and attend the services on that day, if it were thought advisable. He then proposed the question to her, whether she should prefer to have the services attended that day, rather than on the Sabbath ?

She replied that she thought the Sabbath would

be the most suitable day; and that she should be willing to defer it, *if she thought she should live* until that time. But she did not know as she should; still, she was willing to do as others thought best.

As she seemed to be more comfortable at this time, than she was several hours before, it was thought best to defer the subject until the next day, to be attended to, during the interval between the forenoon and afternoon services of public worship.

During the day, Charlotte evidently appeared to be much in prayer, and gave unequivocal tokens that she appreciated the solemnity and importance of the transactions, in which she anticipated the privilege of engaging, on the following day. But during the day she said but little.

In the evening, Mrs. K., a member of the church, and the mother of "Louisa," mentioned in a preceding part of the volume, called to see her. C. mentioned to her, that she expected, if she lived, to be admitted to the church on the following day, and partake of the sacrament once before she left the world; and expressed a particular desire to have her present too. This request was undoubtedly prompted by the inti-

mate and very strong attachment which had been cherished for her dear departed daughter, and which led her to *press* the request; "you *will* be here, won't you?"

To an aunt who had never professed the religion of Christ, who came in, the same evening, she said with difficulty, for it was difficult for her to speak at all, "I have wanted to talk with you, for a long time, dear aunt. You have been very kind to me, and I want to thank you for it. I don't expect to live but a little while; and I want to know if you think you shall meet me in heaven? Do you love God, aunt E.?" and then, without waiting for an answer, she added;— "O how much I have thought of the comfort I should take with little Theodore, (a little child of her aunt, less than two years old,) in telling him about God, and in teaching him to love him; but I never shall, now. Will not *you*, as soon as he is old enough, try to teach him to love God? Do try to tell him in such a way, that he will *understand*. O do be faithful to your dear children. I hope I shall meet you all in heaven."

This is only the *substance* of what she said; but it was in such a way, and under such circumstances, that all present were melted into tears.

A peculiarity.

It was very common for Charlotte, if she wished to address an individual on the subject of religion, and press *duty* upon them, to introduce it, where the circumstances would admit of it, as she did in this instance, by *thanking them for their kindness*, &c. This was not the result of *accident*, but of a knowledge of human nature, which led her to feel, that it would be better received, especially from a *child*, if prefaced by an expression of, what was in reality, the gratitude of her heart, where the occasion for this existed. And the principle involved in the method which this child adopted, is one which might be profitably studied, and practiced by many who are older in the school of Christ, and who would be faithful to their dying fellow men. Much, very much depends on the *manner* in which the subject is *introduced*. This may be such, and doubtless often has been, as, not only to defeat the most benevolent design, at the time, but create a strong prejudice against the subject in after life. This ought to be avoided, if possible. It is bad enough for the unsanctified heart to hate the *truth*, without having prejudice and hatred increased by an injudicious *manner* of presenting it to the mind.

In the family worship this evening, as well as

in the solemn and interesting communion services of the following day, it was the privilege of the compiler to participate. After the prayer in the family devotions of the evening, Charlotte expressed to her mother her gratification in being able to "hear every word" of the prayer, which was not always the case, owing to some difficulty in hearing, which had often troubled her previous to this sickness. She then requested that her favorite hymn might be sung, which concludes with the following stanza:

> Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.

After the singing was concluded, in a whisper, she said to her mother, "there has not been a minute to-day in which I have not felt that I could breathe my life out sweetly in the bosom of my Saviour." O, who would not covet the possession of such a state of feeling, when they come to lie upon a sick and dying bed? And who, in view of it, would not be ready to exclaim, with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

On Sabbath morning, she requested that a printed copy of the Confession of Faith, and Covenant of the Church, which she knew was in the house, might be brought her, that she might see whether there was any thing in it, to which she could not conscientiously give her assent. Her mother proposed reading it to her, but C. declined, saying she had rather read it herself. It was accordingly given her, and she read it with much attention. After she had finished the reading, she was asked whether there was any thing in it, to which she could not give her assent. "O no, said she. But it is so long since I have read it, that I did not know but there *might* be something, which I could not promise. On this account I wished to read it over beforehand and see."

During the morning and forenoon, Charlotte appeared to be quite as comfortable as could be expected; said but little, but that little was indicative of the deep interest with which she regarded the anticipated privilege of complying with the dying injunction of her Saviour, "This do in remembrance of me;" and of the existence of a heavenly peace, which the world can neither give, nor take away. She evidently appeared, most of the time, to be engaged in prayer, the need of

which, she most deeply felt; and in a resort to which, she found *nearness* of access to the throne of grace, in a most emphatical manner.

At the close of public worship in the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. Dennis stated the case of Charlotte, to the church; her wish to be admitted as a member of the visible family of Christ, and to partake of the memorials of His sufferings and death, before she was called to go hence; assured them of his full conviction of her decided piety, and qualifications for the reception of that ordinance, and that Christ would be honored, and her own comfort and spiritual strength might be greatly promoted, by a compliance with her request. The vote of the church was then taken, and was unanimous, to receive her as a member of that body, with the understanding that she was to give her assent to the Confession of Faith, and Covenant of the Church, at the time of the proposed meeting, for the administration of the ordinance of the supper to her.

The pastor, then, in connection with the officers, and a number of members of the church, and many relatives and friends, repaired to the house of Dr. Hamilton, for the purpose of once uniting with this dear child, in commemorating the suffer-

ings of her beloved Saviour, before she should go to be forever with him. It was a most interesting scene; and to many hearts there, it seemed to be a *privileged* spot,

"— quite on the verge of heaven."

Here were seated the parents, the grandparents, and a large circle of other relatives and friends around this dying bed, to witness this public, voluntary consecration of this child to God, and unite *with her* in this solemn ordinance, for the first and last time on earth. It was *felt* that the blessed Jesus did verify his precious promise on that occasion, "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

After the table was spread for this sacramental service, Charlotte remarked, "This is all that I have desired to see this day for; and now, my friends, I hope you will be truly thankful."

The Confession of Faith and Covenant of the Church were then read; and at the close of each article, commencing with "You believe;" or "You promise" so and so, Charlotte in a distinct but gentle whisper, responded, "Yes," "Yes,"

while her bright black eye was fixed most intently on the lips of her pastor, to catch every word that was uttered.

The administration of the sacrament then followed, during which, C. exhibited the same calmness and self-possession, for which she was so remarkable; although there was not probably, another dry eye in the room. She had, for a long time been wholly unable to sit in her bed, without having her poor emaciated body and head supported by some one. For weeks and months, her mother had devoted almost her whole time to her, usually sitting behind her in the bed, and supporting her head and body, to enable her to get any rest. This was her reclining position at this time; with her head pillowed on that bosom on which it had reposed in infancy, and was to rest in her dying struggles; with a countenance of most unearthly loveliness; lighted up, as it were, anew, by the beams which God was pouring into her happy soul; she received the emblems of her Saviour's body, broken; and of his blood, shed for sin, and thus sealed, publicly, her engagements to be his.

This was the consummation of all her desires. For this, she had lived and prayed; and now she

Source of her strength. Favorite hymn.

could say, as good old Simeon did, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."

In the evening she was asked by her father how she could bear the exercises of the day, with so much firmness, when she was so very feeble? The answer was, "O I have been praying to my heavenly father, during the day, for strength; and he has heard me, and answered my prayer." Such was her habit of bringing all her wants to God; and such the connection which she could generally perceive, between the discharge of the duty on her part, and the fulfillment of the promise on the part of God, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

"Now, 'ma, sing 'Sweet Spirit attend me,'" said Charlotte, and the following was sung:

Sweet Spirit attend me, till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me, till I am call'd home;
Though worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.
Farewell my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come,
Farewell my dear sisters, I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour my spirit they'll bear.

CHAPTER XII.

On Tuesday, August 4th, after a paroxysm of very severe suffering, Charlotte said, "I am afraid I shall wear you all out, in taking care of me. But I am sure my poor body can't hold out, to suffer much longer. God is *trying* me by these pains, to see if my love is true; he is trying my faith to see if it is strong. And I think I have a full assurance. O, I would not give up what I now enjoy, with all my pain, for all the treasures in the world; for life, and health, and strength, even if I were sure of enjoying them for many years to come. O, there is nothing

——"Like what in Christ I see."

She then desired her mother to read in the Bible. She took it, and commenced reading the 14th chapter of John. When she came to the 13th verse, "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do;" Charlotte said, "O what a precious promise."

"My child, do you feel assured that God has heard your prayer, in the name of Christ?"

"O, yes," said she, with a countenance of glowing interest, "He heard me just now, when I was in such distress. I asked him to give me a little ease, if it was best, if it could be for his glory, and *he did it immediately.* O, I love to bear pain, because I know God does it, to try my love, and see if it is true. I want he should try me, and prove me, for I have sinned against him. O, he will not forsake me. I have a full assurance that he will yet make me perfectly happy."

"O, how much I have thought [here she burst into tears] of our Saviour: just after he spoke these precious words to his disciples, which you were reading just now, 'ma; he went away and suffered on the cross,—no friend followed him to pity him. He suffered as no human being ever suffered, or can suffer; and O, [here her sobs could not be suppressed] it was for *our* sins; only think! for such sinners as I am. And yet all this time I have been sinning against him; but I have asked him to forgive me; and he has, and will receive me."

At this time, Miss P., who had been her school

teacher, came into the room, and inquired, "are you *happy*, Charlotte?"

She replied in the affirmative, and added, "I used to go to school to you, and if I ever did any thing to hurt your feelings, I hope you will forgive me." She was assured that she had not; that she was always a good scholar.

After Miss P. left the room, Charlotte remarked:—"Miss P. was a lovely teacher. She tried very hard to make us good; and I did not know but I had done something to hurt her feelings. It may be proper here to remark, that Charlotte frequently spoke of those, under whose instruction she had been placed, at different periods, and always with *emphatic* approbation of those who had given religious instruction to their pupils, and to use her own simple language, who had "tried to make them good."

This, my dear friends who are teachers, suggests a topic of interesting encouragement to you. However thoughtless many of your pupils may appear to be, when you are giving them religious instruction, there may be some who will feel, and perhaps bless God on a dying bed, as well as thank you, for your fidelity, and be better prepared for an early departure to their blissful and

eternal home. O, be faithful, and you may meet some of them in heaven.

For more than an hour, Charlotte continued to converse in the manner described above, until she became completely exhausted; and then nothing would seem to cheer and comfort her so much, as the singing of a hymn like the following—in which she took unusual satisfaction:—

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay;
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:—

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love:
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:—

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down:
Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal joys my own:—

Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end:
Sweet on the covenant of his grace,
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the *stream*,
What must the fountain be!
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from THEE!

During the forenoon of the next day, Charlotte was very low, and unable to converse. In the afternoon she revived, and was in a very happy frame of mind, and conversed with those about her. Christ was her theme. Upon his grace she loved to dwell. Her father went to do something for her, to make her comfortable, when Charlotte said, "O, why will you try so hard to keep me here? You sit and look at me, and I suppose you love to; but you would not want to look at me in a little while." She then held up her poor emaciated hand, and said, "this hand will soon look all black; and this body will moulder into dust. You think too much of this body. It is only this, that keeps me in sin. Let me drop this body, and I shall sin no more; and I feel assured that Christ will receive me, for he has forgiven all my sins, and soon I shall be perfectly happy in the presence of my Saviour and my God."

Her grandfather came, towards night, to see her. After he had conversed awhile respecting the happiness of the heavenly state, Charlotte

remarked, "Grandpa, as I was lying here on my pillow, I thought I could see heaven. It may have been a dream, probably it was; but my eyes were open. O, what a beautiful place it seemed to be! I thought if I could only get there, how happy I should be! I shut my eyes, and it seemed as though I could see the beautiful city just as plain, as when they were open. It seemed then, as though I exerted all my powers to get there; but could not get along very fast, on account of so many things in the way."

"But what things seemed to be in the way?"

"O, brush and briers," she replied. "At length I saw two, who looked like men, but I then supposed them to be angels, coming towards me, from the city. They looked very pleasantly, and offered to help me along, going on each side of me, and removing the difficulties out of the way. O, grandpa, you can't tell how rejoiced I was to see this beautiful city, and because I had got almost there! But I saw an *iron gate* that opened into it; and I knew that when they had helped me to it, I must pass that all *alone*. But this did not trouble me very much; and I hurried on, exceedingly pleased, until I came to the gate. But I could not get it open; and this so worried

and grieved me, that I roused up, and the scene which I had been viewing, all passed away."

Charlotte repeated, that this might have been a dream, although her eyes were open. Her grandfather told her that the "iron gate" was *death;* and that God had not yet called her to pass it. At this moment a stranger entered the room, which prevented further conversation on the subject.

The probability is, that Charlotte was about half way between sleeping and waking, at the time of the *reverie* described above. This supposition is perfectly consistent with her opening and closing her eyes, and being able to distinguish objects as well with her eyes closed, as with them open; and also with the manner in which the scene vanished, by a strenuous effort on her part to open the "iron gate," which fully awoke her. But the incident shows the almost constant bent of her mind, and the subjects with which it seemed to be familiar, whether waking or sleeping. Her *heart* was emphatically in heaven, and her conversation was there also. And she was *ready* for the change, and felt that she could, at any time,

"Fly swiftly through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terror as she passed."

Appeal to her parents.

In the early part of the evening she was exercised with a great deal of pain; but her mind was evidently staid on God. She remarked that with all her pain, she could rejoice, for Jesus was close by her. She asked her mother if she could not say with regard to her, "the will of the Lord be done?" "I can," said she, "with regard to myself and every thing else, say, 'Thy will, O, God, be done.'" Now 'ma, I want you should say it—*I want you should* FEEL *it*, and say it *from the heart*."

Her father then came into the room, and she appealed to him, to know if he was not willing to let her go, at God's call! That father's heart was too full to reply immediately. She then addressed both her parents, and wished to know if they could not give her up, willingly? "I *love* you, dear father," said she, kissing him most affectionately: "BUT I DO LOVE GOD MORE. I *love you*, 'ma; but I LOVE GOD MORE! And are you not willing that I should?"

In the evening, an uncle of hers, who did not profess religion, came in to see her, and asked her how she did. She replied that she did not expect to live long, but said she was happy. She then appealed to him, to know if he felt prepared to

die. "You have always been kind to me, and I love you, and thank you for it; but I *want to meet you in heaven!* O, *do* prepare to die. Think of the privileges you now enjoy; but you know not how long you may live to enjoy them. You know we read in the Bible, that the Son of man cometh in an hour when we think not of it; and he may come so to you. He may call for you this very week; it may be next week, we know not the time. But O, if you are not prepared for a dying hour, how dreadful will be your condition! Will you not begin to seek the Lord this very night?" She paused for a moment, and then raised her eyes to her mother's who was supporting her, and said, "O, I *wish he* WOULD *promise!*" It is to be hoped that such appeals, and such preaching, will prove to be a savor of life unto life, rather than of death unto death!

She then requested them to sing a hymn, commencing with these words:

Hark, my soul,—it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word.
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

After this, while speaking of the happiness she

enjoyed, her mother remarked to her, that there were some persons, even in a Christian land, who did not even believe that there was any *reality* in religion,—any thing in it, to give comfort to a person in a dying hour. At this remark, Charlotte burst into tears. As soon as she became sufficiently composed, she said, "Do you really believe, 'ma, that there are many persons who think so?"

"I *hope* not, my child; and yet I am afraid there are."

"O, then, do try to do them good. Tell them there *is* a reality in religion; and they will find it so, when they come to lie on a dying bed. O, then, they will need the consolation which religion affords."

At this time an uncle of hers, from New York, came in; and her mother mentioned that C. had been weeping, because she had been told that there were probably some, who do not believe there is any thing in religion.

"Why, Charlotte," said he, "I live where there are thousands and tens of thousands who do not believe there is any hereafter! At this disclosure, she seemed perfectly astonished. She had hardly formed the conception that there *could* be

Urges her uncle to faithfulness.

any one, in a Christian land, that should disbelieve what the Bible teaches, in regard to the necessity of experimental godliness, or the realities of a future state.

She then urged her uncle to be faithful in trying to convince them of a truth which was so clear to her, that they might be prepared for that coming state. "Do, uncle, be faithful. If you can say but a few words, perhaps they will think of them afterwards, and then they may do them good. Won't you try to be faithful?" In this manner she pressed her entreaty, until she obtained a promise. Then, she seemed to feel relieved.

After the family had retired for the night, and she had rested a little while, she broke out in singing the following:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

The next day she was unable to speak aloud, and told her mother she should never be able to say much more to any of the family, and should soon leave her dear friends, and go to her Saviour.

"O, how happy I shall be when I come to go. But I hope you will look to God for strength and comfort: and he will comfort you, and make you willing to have me go."

She was not, however, so near her end, as she anticipated, and her patience in *waiting* for her Lord, was tried for nearly three weeks longer, much beyond the expectations of any of her friends. Indeed they would not have been surprised, scarcely any day, if she had sunk into the arms of death. Her reason was perfect, during the whole of these weeks of suffering; but she was, for most of the time, wholly unable to converse. What she did say, was nearly all in a whisper; and even this was interrupted by her almost incessant cough. The painfulness of this, cannot be conceived by any one, who did not see her. She was wasted to a mere skeleton; and there was scarcely strength enough in the muscles and sinews to keep the bones in her chest in their proper places. This made her racking cough, at nearly every breath, almost insupportable, and seemed to her, that it would dislocate every joint in her frame! To remedy this, in a measure, a strengthening plaster was laid upon her stomach; this afforded a degree of relief. She remarked

that it seemed to keep the bones in their places when she coughed; and she suggested the idea of extending the plaster entirely round her chest, to help in keeping her frame together, as she represented it; which was done accordingly, much to her own relief. These circumstances are mentioned simply to give the reader a more correct idea of the sufferings which this child was called to endure; and that he may be prepared to place a more proper estimate upon the feelings and the spirit she evinced.

When asked, at one time, if she did not sometimes feel that she could not endure so much suffering much longer; she replied, "It appears to me I can't live many days, and suffer what I do; but I do not wish to think any thing about that. I know God will not make me live and suffer, any longer than he sees best for me."

At another time, she requested her mother, if she groaned or wept, on account of pain, to tell her of it, for said she, "I do not mean to complain. I know I do not feel like complaining. I know God will do right, and I am willing to live and suffer just as long as he sees best."

One morning, as her mother was supporting her head, Charlotte spoke of the love of Christ,

and of the peace of mind which she was permitted to enjoy: and added, "much as I love you all, it cannot make me wish to get well. I had 'rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'"

Mrs. P., a near neighbor, died a few weeks before Charlotte. She was young, amiable, much beloved, and had every thing to make life desirable; but, during her protracted sickness, was never heard to express a wish to live; but if it was God's will, chose to depart and be with her Saviour.

It was in reference to these circumstances, that Charlotte made the following remark: "Since Mrs. P. died, I have heard some speak with surprise, that she should be so willing to die, when she had every thing to make her wish to live; but I should have been more surprised if she had been willing *to get well*, and come back again to the world, and be exposed to all its temptations, and live in sin, as she knew she must, if she did get well."

Subsequent to this, Charlotte was questioned with regard to her making a profession of religion, and was asked if she regretted it?

"O, no, I am thankful that I was permitted to

do so; and I enjoyed all that I ever anticipated."

She was asked, how sin appeared to her? Her reply was, "it seems to me as if I wanted to get away from it." Two weeks before her death, for a day and a half, she appeared much more comfortable. On Tuesday night of that week, her mother said to her, "you appear to feel much better. Don't you think you may yet get well?"

Charlotte replied, "I don't think any thing about that; although it don't look very likely that any body, poor and weak as I am, and with such a hard cough, can live very long."

The next day she appeared still more comfortable, and more so than she had done for several weeks. Her father told her, that, in the course of his practice, he had had two or three patients who seemed to be nearly as low as she appeared to be, who had recovered. Her mother then said, "Charlotte, I am almost inclined to think that you may yet get well." Charlotte looked disappointed, and said, "'Ma, do you really think I shall get well?"

"Why, my child," said the mother, "are you not willing to live?"

"If I knew I should live to do good; but still it would not be my choice." She immediately added, "but why do I say so? I have no will of my own. God's will is my will. I have said it before, and I can say it now."

That night, about one o'clock, she was taken very ill. She wished to have her father called, and said to him, "You see I shall go, at last."

From this time, she continued to grow weaker and weaker; and her dissolution was almost hourly expected. And she appeared ready and waiting for the event. She could take no food, and wished her mother to tell her friends and the neighbors not to send her any thing more, (having had something new, or rare, sent in to her, almost every day). She also wished her mother to thank them for all their kindness,—said she did not know why they thought of her so often,—she did not deserve it, and could do nothing for them in return; but hoped God would reward them.

Her cough grew still more distressing; and she would sometimes say, "how many days and nights God is trying my patience by keeping me here; but he will do all right." Not one word of com-

plaint was ever heard, by any one, who ever assisted in taking care of her.

Her love to her friends seemed to increase. With all her sufferings, she did not cease to feel for others; and would often express the fear that they would all become sick, in taking care of her. She would very often thank her attendants, kiss them very affectionately, and say, she never should be able to do any thing for them.

She could not bear the idea of her friends *grieving* for her, when she was gone; but frequently expressed the wish that they would connect the recollection of her, with something which would make them feel cheerful. She entreated her mother never to wish her back; but think how short the time would be, before they should meet again, and then they should be so much happier than they ever could be here, because they would be where there will be no sin.

"I feel sorry for Elizabeth," (her sister), she would say, "for she will be left alone. We have taken a great deal of comfort together in our chamber, and I love her; but it can't make me wish to stay. She must take Arnold and Miranda into her chamber, and try to teach them to love God; and they will be company for her. O, 'ma,

do try to learn little Miranda how to love God, *while she is young*. You can make her *think* about God, before she is old enough to love him. Take her out and show her the things which are growing, and tell her that nobody can make them grow, but God; and she will learn to *think* about God, in this way."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARLOTTE always felt very much grieved if any one exhibited any levity in relation to the subject of religion, or dying. This was witnessed several months before her death; when a young man residing in the family, dropped some expression about dying, which indicated levity of feeling. Charlotte burst into tears, and said, "O how can he feel so?"

A short time before she died, a girl, living in the family, spoke in a similar manner, respecting the same subject. Charlotte felt unable to say any thing to her about it, at the time; but, with tears in her eyes, she made her mother promise that she would talk with her, after she was gone; and try to make her feel how wicked it was.

One of the hymns to which this child was greatly attached, and which she wished often to have sung to her, was the following:

I wait a few sorrowful *days.**
And then I no longer shall mourn,
But flee from the valley of tears,
A way I shall never return:

* Her mother, in singing, always substituted "days" for "years."

Hymn—her objection to the first line.

My days are all vanished away,
Broke off the designs of my heart;
No longer on earth I delay,
Or linger, as loath to depart.

My days are extinguished and gone,
My time, as a shadow, is fled;
And gladly I lay myself down,
To rest with the peaceable dead;
The dead ever-living attend,
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb;
And many a glorified friend
Is ready to welcome me home.

After singing this, one evening, Charlotte said, "'Ma, don't sing that any more,—I do not like to hear it."

"Why, my child; I thought you were very partial to it. Why do you dislike it?"

"Because the first line says,

"I wait a few *sorrowful* days:"

and they are not '*sorrowful*,' 'ma; they are *happy* days."

The last conversation, of any considerable length, which she had with her mother, was a few days before her death. She wished her mother to shut the door of the apartment, and sit on the bed with her, so that she could support her

"weary, aching head." She then told her mother that she had a great many things which she wished to say, but could not talk much. She then alluded to her feelings when she was quite young—as long ago as she could remember. She said she used to think she must be very good for the most part of the day, and then she could play, and do just what she pleased, the rest of the time; and she would go to bed very well satisfied with herself, if she thought she had been good, and thought of God, more than half of the day. And after she was old enough to read, she said she used to spend a great deal of her time in looking the Bible over, to find some place where it would tell just what she must do to be a Christian. "O 'ma, how much I did want to ask questions. I used to think I would ask you, or 'pa, to explain things to me, which I did not understand. And when I came to you, I durst not ask the questions. The reason why I mention these things now, is, I thought Arnold, perhaps, might have the same feelings now, and little Miranda will have them, when she is older; and I want to have you give her an opportunity, and encourage her to ask you."

She then added, "I shan't live but a little

while, and I have been talking to 'pa, to try to comfort him when I am gone. And now, 'ma, *you* won't be gloomy, when you think of me; will you? Do always be happy when you think of me. You can think something like this—how much comfort we *have* had, (probably referring to what she had heard her mother say, respecting the comfort she had taken with her, the winter past,) and how happy we *now* are; and I shall then be where there will be no sin, and be perfectly happy in heaven. And I am sure 'ma, you can think with satisfaction that you have done every thing for me, which could be done. And when you visit my grave, don't weep, and feel as though *I* was there. It will be only my poor *body* that will be there—*I* shall be with my Saviour." —In this manner, did this *child* attempt, *beforehand*, to pour consolations into the wound, which she knew would be made in her parents' hearts, by her early removal; and suggest happy topics of thought, which would render them cheerfully submissive, under such a trying dispensation of Providence.

"My child," continued her mother, "are you not willing that we should visit your grave? You

used to love to go to the spot where your little infant brother lies."

"I know it, 'ma. And O how I felt when he was buried! Don't you remember what I said, when he was buried,—that 'he looked too pretty, to be put into the ground?' But I did not feel right. I did not consider, as I ought, that it was only the *body*. I do not feel so now."

She afterwards, several times, expressed a great desire to talk; but could speak scarcely a single word, without producing a paroxysm of coughing; and the utmost care became necessary to avoid moving any thing in the room, that would excite the least dust, on account of the extreme irritability of her lungs. She said to her mother, shortly before she died, that all the pain she had endured, through her long sickness, had been nothing, compared with the distress produced by her coughing, and trying to raise; and this continued to the last.

One day she remarked, with very great difficulty, "O, 'ma, I have said but little to any of you, to what I wish to say." She was asked if she had any thing in *particular* which she wished to say? "O yes, a great many things." "Well, then, my child, do try to talk to me a little, once more."

Important suggestion.

"I have been thinking," said she, in a whisper, "that we are not apt to care much for those who, we think, don't love us. We do not pray for them, and try to do their souls good, as we do, for those who love us. I have thought that I could see this, in Christians. Now this, certainly, is not right. Christ says, "*love* your ENEMIES; bless them that *curse* you, *do good* to them that *hate* you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."—Here she began to cough, and could say no more. Afterward, she requested her mother to *think* of it, and tell her father and sister,—said she regretted that she had not tried to do more good when she was well.

Had the principle involved, and the duty urged, in the preceding paragraph, been presented, and pressed by an adult Christian, or by a minister of the gospel, on a dying bed; the circumstance would not have excited any special surprise. Every one would have said, the suggestion was important and needed. But here is a *mere child*, of only *ten years* of age, in the midst of extreme sufferings, just ready to sink into the arms of death, with no uncommon means of religious instruction, drawing out one of the most important distinguishing principles of the religion of Jesus,

and pressing its obligation upon those around her! Her heart was full of the subject; and she felt that she could not die, till she had unburdened her feelings. Young as she was, she had seen that the principle which Christ had laid down, as the distinguishing mark of his religion, did not always operate where it should, viz.: *That we should love, and try to do good to those who do not love us.* Hear Christ himself, saying, "If ye love them [ONLY] that love you, what thank have ye?" "What do ye more than others?" Is it not a perfectly *selfish* principle? Do not even the *publicans* so?—the very *vilest*, and most *mercenary* of men? But those who would be like CHRIST must be actuated by a new and nobler principle; they must *love* their ENEMIES; and endeavor to do them all the good in their power. This was the duty which this dying child attempted to press. O that there were less occasion to press it. If Christ employs "young children" just ready to be embraced by him in heaven, to preach on such themes of everlasting truth and duty, will they not rise in the judgment to condemn us *all*, if we suffer the message to pass unheeded by?

The incident narrated above, illustrates, not

only a prominent characteristic of Charlotte's mind, viz.: the habit of observation and comparison; but also the fact that, wasted and feeble, as was her body, her mind retained all its accustomed clearness and energy, and seemed to be renewing its vigor, while the outer man was decaying day by day.

Her grandfather, whose favorite she had always been, frequently came to see her. She expressed a great deal of gratitude for all his kind attentions, and favors, and sympathy; said she was afraid her grandmother, who staid by her for weeks, would become sick, unless she went home and rested. There was no time when she seemed more tenderly alive to the feelings or the necessities of others, than she did in her last days; and she frequently expressed her fears that she should wear her friends all out, in taking care of her.

She was asked, one day, if she was able to collect her thoughts, so as to pray every day? "O yes," said she; "and some days I am able, without interruption, to ask God for every thing I want, and say all I wish, and pray for every body."

"And do you always feel," asked her mother, "that God does hear and answer your prayers?"

"There was a time, before I was sick, that I did not think so much about the presence of God, when I prayed. But it has been a great while, since I have prayed in that way. It always seems, *now*, 'ma, as if God was close by me when I pray, and he seems to tell me what to say."

At another time, she requested her mother to sing her favorite hymn, beginning with

> Why should we start and fear to die?
> What timorous worms we mortals are!

After singing the hymn through, she said, "O, I could fly through death's iron gate, and feel no terror!"

She then expressed the wish to be raised up in the bed, and take the book, which contained the hymn. When this wish had been gratified, she called for a pencil. My child, said the mother, "you cannot use a pencil! What do you want one for?"

"I want," said she, with a countenance beaming with the joy and heavenly peace which reigned within, "I want to alter that first line, 'ma. Instead of

> 'Jesus *can* make *a* dying bed,'

Wishes to alter a favorite hymn.

I wish you would write

> 'Jesus *has* made *my* dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are.' "

As her end drew near, her suffering increased. One morning, as her mother went to her bed-side, Charlotte raised her eyes, with a most imploring look, and said, "O *when* will Jesus come and take me home?"

"You feel, my child, as though you could not endure much more, do you not?"

"O no, 'ma; I feel as though He would not let this poor body suffer a great while longer." On Monday night, she said very pleasantly, "It does seem to me that there must be a little rest for me to-night." But in this anticipation she was mistaken. There was no rest for her *body*, although her soul was in the enjoyment of perfect peace. Her cough was almost incessant, and seemed more than her poor frame could endure.

On Tuesday morning, her little brother came in, and inquired if he should go to school. Charlotte spoke, and said, "I shan't see you another day, A." Her sister brought in some fruit; she shook her head, and said, "I have done with every thing in this world."

The thrush on her tongue. Wishes to talk.

During this day, she succeeded in running out her swollen tongue a little, and pointing her mother to the *thrush* upon it, said, with a smile, "I shan't be here long, now, 'ma."

On Tuesday night, she continued very restless through the night; coughed at almost every breath; and it appeared evident that the scene of suffering would soon draw to a close.

On Wednesday morning, she expressed a great anxiety to talk. Her mother replied, "you have said a great deal to all of us; you have told us how happy you are, and given us many exhortations. Now, do you wish to alter any thing which you have said?"

"O *no*, no, 'ma, but I want to say a great deal more!"

Do you feel as you have done? and would you not say the same things to us again?

"O yes, 'ma, but—O how I wish I could talk." But her mouth was so filled with thrush, that this was impracticable.

The agonizing struggles of death soon came on. And they were "*agonizing*" beyond the power of description. For more than four hours, her involuntary death-groans could be heard at almost every breath, in all the lower rooms. But

these were the sufferings of the *body* only;—although, from their *intensity*, it was feared, by her friends, that she might be suffering under the hiding of her Saviour's face; and the question was asked her, "Is Jesus with you?" She bowed her head and said, indistinctly, "Yes." Afterward she was again asked, "Has Christ forsaken you?" She shook her head, and articulated "*no*, NO!" This was rich, precious consolation to her dear friends, who could bear almost any thing, rather than that her sun should now set under a cloud! At this time, her grandmother, in relation to these agonizing struggles, remarked, "*this is death.*" "Yes," said the father of Charlotte, "this my dear daughter, is DEATH." She, perfectly sensible of what was said, but unable to articulate, nodded her head in token of her perfect consciousness of the fact, that she was dying.

Her mother said to her, "My child, we can go with you as far as the 'gate,' but we cannot go any farther; yet your Saviour can go in with you before the king,—he *will* do it." Charlotte nodded her head, with a smile, in assent to this expression of assurance.

During these hours of dying anguish, her sight

failed her, and then returned, two or three times. This was noticed by her father, and others around her, at a single glance at the pupil of the eye. And in the scenes that followed, her voice was stronger than it had been for some time, and as clear as the thrush in the mouth would admit.

A little after, she was asked if she knew all those around her bed. She looked round with an earnestness which none who witnessed it will forget, and replied, "YES." She then added, "We must all die, I—now!" She then called, "Arnold, Arnold," (the name of her little brother) as was supposed, for the purpose of being sure that he was present; and wishing, perhaps, to say something to impress his mind, but she was unable. She afterward said to her mother, "take good care of Miranda;" her little infant sister, for whose early religious training she had previously expressed so much solicitude; and which she does not now forget in her dying struggles.

A little past 12 o'clock, M., her distress seemed to leave her in a great measure. Perfectly conscious of her situation, she said, "I am dying?" She then looked round upon all those about her, as if taking her last glance; and soon raising her eyes to her mother, who was supporting her in

the bed, she said, "I am going,—farewell dear mother." Then reaching out her hand, "Farewell, dear father, I thank you;" and to all the other friends who stood around, she said, "Farewell—farewell;—LOVE GOD,—PREPARE TO DIE. Farewell, dear minister, I thank you for all you have done for me. Good-bye, 'ma,—I'm going;—good-bye;—I'm ready now." "Yes, my child," said the mother, "you *are* ready; and I rejoice to give you up." The dying child continued,—"Lay my head down,—good-bye." Then lifting her clasped hands to her breast, in the attitude of supplication, and raising her eyes towards heaven, as she closed them on time, while her lips were moving in the open communion of her soul with God, a heavenly smile came over her countenance, which spoke more joy than words could have uttered, and continued, until without a struggle, her breath ceased, and her happy, ransomed spirit, took its departure from the body, to dwell in the sun-light of that Saviour's countenance, whom, on earth, she loved so much, and whose presence and glory she had so long panted to enjoy!

The following stanza, of a favorite hymn of hers, could not have been more appropriate, had

it been designed to describe this very closing scene :—

I'm going,—I'm going, but what do I see ?
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me !
I'm going,—I'm going,—I'm going,—I'm gone !
O glory,—O glory,—'tis done,—it is done !

Thus closed the early mortal course of CHARLOTTE HAMILTON, on the 26th day of August, 1835, aged 10 years, 1 month, and 19 days.

The funeral services were attended on the following Friday, and an appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor, entitled "THE CHILD SAFE," from these words; "Is it well with the child? And she answered, it is well;" 2 Kings 4: 26. After illustrating the single question, "*When* may it be said to be well with a child ?" the preacher gave a rapid view of the character of *this* child, in which were included a specification of several of the facts and incidents detailed in the previous pages. A large audience testified, by their tears, the deep interest which they felt in the subject, and the occasion; and, at the conclusion of these exercises, a very large and interesting procession of Sabbath school scholars preceded the remains to the "New Tomb" of Dr.

Laid in the tomb.

Horatio Arnold Hamilton, the grandfather of the deceased, "Wherein never man before was laid;" to rest there until the morning of the resurrection.

"So fair, so young, so gentle, so sincere,
So loved, so early lost, may claim a tear.
Yet mourn not, if the life resumed by heaven
Was spent to every end for which 'twas given;
The part assign'd, if she essay'd to fill,
If she obeyed her heavenly Father's will,
If humble trust in her Redeemer's love
Matured her early for the courts above,
Could she too soon escape a world of sin?
Or could celestial bliss too soon begin?
Then cease her death too fondly to deplore;
What could the longest life have added more?"

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW brief practical remarks will now conclude the volume.

1. We have in this brief memoir, a striking illustration of the *reality* and the *power* of experimental godliness. That this child really had this in possession, few, who read the preceding detail of facts, can doubt. Now, I wish to ask, whether there is any thing *else* that will produce such blessed effects?—any thing which is adapted to produce, not only such cheerful submission, but such a degree of true enjoyment, under the very extreme of bodily sufferings, and in the near prospect of death?

I ask the individual who either denies or doubts the truth of Christianity—the *infidel*, whether there is any thing in his cold, heartless system of unbelief, which will produce such happiness, under such circumstances? Show us one instance, not of insensibility and indifference, but

of such *triumph* over suffering and death. It cannot be done. You might just as rationally look for grapes on thorns, and figs on thistles! There is nothing but the religion of Jesus Christ that will produce such effects. And this is adapted equally to all classes and conditions of mankind; to the learned and the ignorant; the rich and the poor; the aged and the young.

In the case before us, we see how a *mere child* can exemplify the existence and power of this religion. This was not owing to the force of *education*. This, without piety, will never produce such results. But the fact was, most of her religious knowledge was derived directly from the prayerful study of the Bible, with no other teacher than the Holy Spirit. It is true that she received religious instruction from her parents and others; and that this instruction was greatly blessed to her own spiritual advantage; but it is also true, that her acquaintance with the *principles* of Christian truth and duty, as evinced in her last sickness, was far more extensive, as well as more minute, than her nearest friends had ever attempted to communicate. This was often felt by them, as they were surprised, delighted, and instructed by her admonitions, inquiries, and re-

plies, on a great variety of topics. The Bible had long been her delightful study. This was the *fountain* to which she loved daily to resort; and there, she gave evidence that she drank deep. And rich and precious were the consolations which her piety, thus formed and maintained, afforded her, in scenes of distress and anguish. There was a strength of assurance, not only of being in a pardoned state, but of the fulfillment of the precious promise of the Saviour, *that he would never leave her nor forsake her*, which many waters could not quench, nor floods drown. She felt that her feet were on "the rock of ages," which would never fail her. It is not known that this confidence was shaken, for one moment, during nearly the whole of her protracted and distressing sickness, to her dying moment. O that there was more such piety in the Christian church.

2. Another point to which I wish to call special attention is, *the importance of early conversions.*

This subject is beginning, already, to excite much more interest than it did formerly. And as the result of this interest, and a corresponding effort to secure this object, many more, from the ranks of early childhood, are brought into the

kingdom of Christ, than were witnessed a few years ago. And the number will be increased as the subject shall become more generally, and better understood. Having discussed this subject more at large, in a volume* which will, probably, soon be before the public, the compiler in this place will only remark briefly, that a much deeper interest must be awakened among all who have any thing to do in the religious training and instruction of the young. Their *early conversion* should be the great object of the direct personal efforts of every Christian, and the subject of unceasing prayer. It is altogether too late to doubt the *practicability* of the thing. This memoir, and a multitude beside, *demonstrate* the fact. It has already been remarked, that the unusual religious interest, which might be denominated a little revival, during the progress of which, Charlotte hopefully submitted her heart to God, was entirely *confined* to children, as it respects the hopeful conversion of individuals. It was at a time, too, when the church, *as a body*, were in a low state of religious declension. But there were *individuals*

* Entitled "Conversion of Infants; practicable and important."

who felt deeply in relation to the spiritual and immortal interests of their dear children, and who *agonized* in prayer for their salvation. And God heard and answered their prayers, and blessed their efforts, in bringing a goodly number, from the deep feeling of renewed hearts, to sing, "Hosanna to the Son of David." And had this spiri of prayer been *extended* in the church, and corresponding efforts made, no one can tell how far God would have gone, in gathering other precious lambs into the fold of Christ. What a spectacle would the conversion of *one hundred and fifty children* have presented,—only about one half the number in the Sabbath school in Somers? O how it would have preached to the consciences of aged and middle-aged sinners! And such scenes of thrilling interest, and heavenly joy, may yet be witnessed among children! All that is needed, with the blessing of God, is, more faith, more prayer, and more direct and appropriate effort to promote the object. The *immediate* conversion of children does not sufficiently characterize the feeling and desires of the Christian community in what is done for the spiritual welfare of the young. Few, very few of the sermons which are preached, are adapted to the *capacities*

of the young,—and yet a sermon which a child could understand, would be likely to be productive of more good to the adult part of the congregation, than one of a different description.

When, with the unquenchable desire for *their present conversion*, every minister, Sabbath school teacher, and parent, shall press truth upon the understanding and conscience of children, just as they would, if they supposed it might be their last opportunity of doing good; with the attending influences of God's Spirit, what multitudes from among the young might be seen pressing into the kingdom of God!

Among those children (twelve in number) who have been admitted to the church, as fruits of that little season of precious reviving, in which Charlotte shared, the compiler has been assured that there has been as much of the *consistency* of piety, as is ordinarily exhibited among an equal number of adults. And if it were proper in this place to spread out their feelings and exercises while under the strivings of God's Spirit, before their hopeful submission to Him, as the compiler has the materials in his possession for doing, in relation to some of them, it would be clearly seen that a genuine work of grace upon the heart of the

child, and an adult, presents the same general characteristics; and the evidence of its genuineness may be as clear in one case as in the other. But we have already exceeded the limits which we designed for the volume; and can therefore only add, in this place, the expression of the hope, that the present volume may be the means of leading all who read it, to feel the great importance of the *early conversion* of the rising generation, and to labor for it, in the use of all appropriate means. Then, how many of them might be prepared for the same early and blissful termination of their sins and sorrows here, which marked the subject of this memoir; and be admitted to the purity and blessedness of heaven!

3. The preceding detail of interesting and affecting incidents, must make a powerful appeal to the hearts of *parents*.

You love your children,—profess to regard them as only lent blessings, to be returned when God shall see fit to call them away; and you know not how soon this may be. Are you prepared for the parting scene?

Remember that *they* have commenced an existence which will never end; and that for this, under God, they are indebted to you; and that

whether their future existence shall be one of joy or sorrow, will very much depend upon you. In a little time, if you are spared, they may be taken from you. And what must be your feelings, if, when standing by their dying bed, you cannot feel that they give any evidence of having made their peace with God? Especially, if there is to be connected with this, the consciousness that it may be owing to the fact of your unfaithfulness in the discharge of duty? If you would avoid having such a conviction forced upon your mind, under such circumstances, resolve, in God's name, and God's strength, that you will aim to secure the *early* conversion of your children. Nothing less than this should satisfy you.

Parents, and *mothers* especially, are furnished with abundant encouragement for the faithful, persevering discharge of duty, in other facts which might be related respecting the conversations of the subject of this memoir. She frequently referred her mother, on her dying bed, to things which she had said to her, when very young, in attempting to give her religious instruction. And often a deep impression was made, which lasted for some time. In referring to those scenes, Charlotte would sometimes say, "I used to feel

sorry for you, 'ma, for I know you must think I was very much hardened, because I did not appear to feel any more, when you used to talk, and pray with me, when I went to bed. But I *did* feel more, than you thought I did; and sometimes I wept, and could not go to sleep for a good while, after you had left the room." At other times she would say, "'Ma, you did not use to ask for the things of this world, for me; but only that I might have an interest in Christ."

These incidents are mentioned in this place, my dear friends, for the purpose of connecting with them, the suggestion, that your dear children may thank you, on a dying bed, for that very faithfulness which you, at the time, may suppose is expended without producing any salutary effect.

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive the hope;
The precious grain will not be lost,
If grace insures the crop.

Nothing can be accomplished without this "GRACE." Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but GOD must give the increase. But this important truth gives no countenance to the neglect, or negligent performance of duty. God may, *now*,

be ready to bless your efforts and prayers for the conversion of your children, if made in a proper manner. I address myself *specially* to MOTHERS, on account of the *peculiar* facilities they have, for gaining the confidence, interesting the feelings, and reaching the conscience and heart of the little ones around them.

Let me ask, then, my friends, if you have no dear children, still unreconciled to God? And if you have, let me still ask, whether that unreconciliation may not be owing to your own unfaithfulness or neglect? I ask this question with feelings of the utmost kindness. Give to it a moment's serious and prayerful consideration. And I would put the question, in full view of the important truth already cited, *our entire dependence on God for success*, in laboring for the conversion of sinners.

You may be ready to reply, as multitudes have done, 'The great reason why my children are still impenitent, is undoubtedly owing to the fact, that God has not seen fit to grant that measure of influence which is necessary to subdue their hearts, and make them Christians."

Of the truth of this, I have no doubt. But the question may still be asked, with perfect rever-

ence and propriety, *why* may God have regarded it *unfit* to grant that amount of influence? This comes to the *point*. And let me say, the reason *may* be, *that you have not been faithful*. Had you discharged your duties to your children and to your God faithfully, it *may* be, that He would already have poured out his Spirit, and brought *all* your dear children into reconciliation with himself! And if it *be* so, *you* are the great *obstacle* in the way of God's granting that influence which is necessary to convert your children!

You may have prayed earnestly for the divine blessing, but you are aware that this may have been done in a wrong manner, or with a wrong spirit; and *this* may have prevented the blessing. "Ye ask, and receive not, *because* ye ask *amiss*." This is the very *reason* why God, in, perhaps, innumerable instances, does not answer the prayers of his people. And if you fail on this point, you fail altogether. God "will be inquired of," by his people, for the blessings which they need; and if they will not comply with this demand, they have reason to expect that all their other efforts will be fruitless.

Beside, if you "ask amiss," this very defect may characterize the matter and manner of your

instructions, and all your efforts to bring your children to Christ.

Suppose, for a moment, that you have been *selfish* in your 'efforts' for the conversion of your children. It may have been because they were *your* children, or because they will cause you less *trouble*, and afford you more *comfort*, if Christians, than if not. If such feelings characterize your efforts, they will, of course, characterize your prayers; and you need not be told that such 'asking' would be 'asking amiss.'

Or you may have labored and prayed without any just sense of the importance and practicability of their *immediate conversion.* If you have not deeply felt the importance of this, you need not wonder that your children are thoughtless and indifferent in regard to the interests of their souls. You have given them instruction, hoping, that at some indefinite future period, it might do them good; and the same indefiniteness has marked your prayers;—'that at some future period God would interpose, and convert and save them!' Perhaps you may have added the request, that God would do it, "in his own good time."

O how must God look upon such feelings and prayers, when you know these very children are

already on the brink of woe; and he has told you that you 'know not what an *hour* may bring forth!' Will He excuse such indefiniteness? Can you expect any thing less than his frown? This is not *agonizing* in prayer for souls;—it is not '*travailing* in birth,' until Christ is formed in them. And, under such circumstances, have you had any reason to expect their early conversion?

I might specify other circumstances relative to your life and conduct, which exert not only an immediate unfavorable influence on their minds, but which render it inconsistent with God to do any thing more towards converting your children. But my limits forbid enlarging on this point. Permit me, however, to ask you, my dear friends, to examine this subject *anew*, and see whether you have good reason to feel that you can go to the judgment with no blood on your skirts, if your children should not be gathered with the lambs of Christ?

To conclude, then, let me urge all who are PARENTS to *fidelity*. Take the Bible for your guide; endeavor to feel your responsibilities to God, for the faithful discharge of your duty to the little immortals committed to your care; and

may God, in his infinite mercy, grant that you may yet have occasion to rejoice here, over all your children, as the subjects of renewing grace; —and be prepared with them all, finally and eternally, to swell the notes of redeeming love, and pardoning grace, on the heavenly hills of Zion!

The following stanzas were written and presented to Charlotte the evening after she was admitted to the church, by the author of these Memoirs. He was present at the time, and assisted in the exercises, and soon after wrote them in haste, with no expectation that they would be published. Charlotte was very much pleased with them, and said they expressed her feelings.

The Rev. Ambrose Edson, the author of these Memoirs, whose health had been so feeble for years, as to make it necessary for him to discontinue preaching, died August 17th, 1836, a little less than one year from the time of Charlotte's death. The same blessed hopes and consolations which she enjoyed, were his. They died in the same room,—their mortal remains were committed

to the same tomb, and their emancipated spirits have doubtless arrived at the same happy home. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

I've often seen a beauteous bird
Held captive, sing its mournful lay;
Its look was sad, its struggles hard
To get released and mount away.

And when it thought the hand was nigh
To ope its little prison door,
Its eyes grew bright, its joys rose high,
It plum'd its wings aloft to soar.

Again I look'd, and saw a friend,
Who long supplied with ready zeal
Its food and drink; and would defend
Its little life from every ill.

That friend so lov'd his little charge,
Its plumage gay, and music sweet,
That he would hardly now discharge
The prisoner from its lone retreat.

What cruel kindness,—selfish love,—
To hold that captive longer there!
No—let him mount and sing above,
And breathe a purer, freer air.

My soul is like that captive thing,
Imprison'd in a house of clay;
It pants to be releas'd and spring
To endless joys and endless day.

Poetry.

I've tasted of my Saviour's love,
His broken flesh and flowing blood,
Pour'd out to bring my soul above,
And reconcile me to my God.

"Do this," said he; and I've complied,
And now I long his face to see;
And bathe in his o'erflowing tide
Of life, and love eternally.

My precious friends, I hope no more,
You'll wish my captive soul to stay;
When Jesus opes my prison door,
O let me mount and soar away.

I love you much,—I'll love you long,
Where sin can ne'er my peace destroy;
And join you in the blissful song
Of higher than seraphic joy.

From entering on that bliss above,
I know you would not hold me here;
No, let me mount and sing, and love,
And God shall wipe the parting tear.

The Kind Sisters.

"BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER."

Some years ago I passed a few weeks with a friend, in a village near one of our large eastern cities. One day three little girls from the city, Eliza, Annie and Lizzie, with their father, made my friend a visit. These little girls were dressed in deep mourning for their mother, who had died a few months before; nor was this their only affliction, for the health of their father, to whom they seemed much attached, was very feeble. He had been suffering from a painful disease for a year or two, and had not been able to attend much to business, and in consequence was quite poor; but they were rich in love to each other, and this made them happy. After dinner Eliza and Annie sewed for our friend, Mrs. S., till the neat of the day was over, and then we all walked in the garden and fields, and enjoyed the fresh air, the flowers, the green grass, and the joys of the country. During the whole afternoon, I no-

ticed and was delighted with their kind and gentle behavior to each other. When a request was to be made, or a question asked, the "*dear* father," or "*dear* sister," with which it was prefaced, seemed sincere.

As they were going away, Mrs. S. asked one of them to stay till the next day. Either of them would have been glad to do so, but each tried to persuade the other to stay. At last it was concluded that Annie should remain, and as I was with her a good deal, we became quite acquainted. I thought by her actions and conversation that she had given her heart to the Saviour, and was trying to please him. She talked about her mother, told me how good and kind she was, and that on the Sabbath she always took her children into her room, and there they studied the Bible together, and learned to love it.

I saw them several times after I returned home; and their conduct towards each other was always the same. They were trying to relieve and comfort their father, and his sorrows were much soothed by their kind and affectionate care. "Dear children," I could hardly help exclaiming, when I was with them, "oh, that all knew how much happier a family is, where *love* prevails."

After a while, Annie was taken sick. She grew worse rapidly, and the physician said she could not live. But she loved the Saviour, and the thought of going to be with him made her happy, and willing to die.

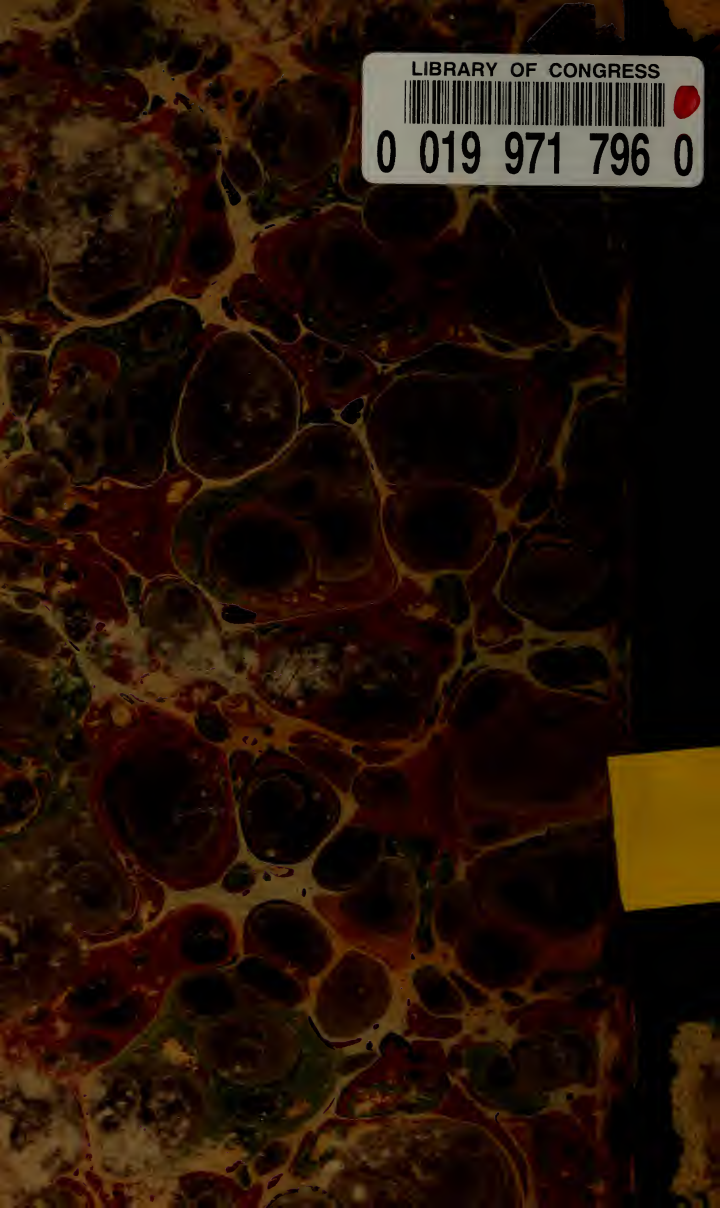
The last time I went to see them, I found little Annie and her father both confined to their bed. She seemed to be asleep, or in a kind of lethargy, but her father spoke to me and said, "We have almost gone."

"Yes," I said, "and what will the poor girls do, when you are gone?"

"O," replied he cheerfully, "I am not going to take their *Father* away. *God* will take care of them, though I am gone. He has *provided* for them now. Annie is going *home*, dear child; a kind friend will take Elizabeth, and bring her up as her own child. I pray that she may not be too indulgent, but will teach her to love God and do good while she lives. Eliza has been a good child. A short time ago I had the pleasure of seeing her unite with the church. She is, I trust, a lamb of Christ's fold, and in the good Shepherd's care she is safe from all harm. We shall be separated but a little while, and then may we all meet, to part no more for ever."

I saw them no more. In two or three days the father and daughter were laid in the same grave; and Eliza and Lizzie were orphans.

Do you not think these orphan sisters were much happier than they would have been if they had been disobedient to their parents, and unkind to those dear ones who had gone? Must it not have been a consolation to think that they had tried to make each other happy? Then, dear children, follow their example. Try to make all around you happy, by loving them and denying yourselves for their comfort. In this way you will be happier yourselves, and will obey the precept of the Bible, "Be ye kind one to another."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